

# Universalist and Ladies' Repository.

VOL. VII.

FOR MAY 1839.

NO. XII.

## MORMONISM,

Original.

THE love of the marvellous seems to be one of the constituent elements of our intellectual natures. It has developed itself in every age, nation, and class of men, and its manifestations have been as varied as the shades of human character. Like the religious tendency of our nature, according to its direction will be the character of its influence, elevating or degrading the man, leading to high and sublime studies, or to credulous devotion to the most absurd and foolish dreams. It is this which makes us delight in the wild legends of the past, in antiquities revealed, in the romances of fiction, in the every day's recital of the strange and wonderful; and it is this which so much disposes us to take things upon trust, and not exert ourselves to apply our hearts to know, and to search, and to seek out wisdom, and the reason of things.

Yet in this desire of reaching forward into the unknown, though often sadly abused and deceived, we can see the tendency of our nature to the infinite, to grasp something beyond the cognizance of the senses, and to possess revelations of the veiled world. This does not belong only to the unlearned and simple, but dwells in the soul of the wise and great in knowledge, and has often led such to blend the mysterious with the safest calculations of science, and the profoundest conclusions of philosophy. It speaks to us that we were made for more than earth, and that not alone in the perishable things of time can we find the fullness of satisfaction and joy. It will not let us sleep in reckless unconcern in reference to what may await us beyond the shadows of this life, but is ever whispering to seek and to search out the wisdom that sheds the light of knowledge on the mysteries of our being.

With this yearning for the marvellous, God has given us powers of thought, observation and

judgment, as checks upon abuse of this faculty. The former was never intended to triumph and hold imperial sway over the other, though too often this has been the inverted condition of man, leading him from the careful and philosophical study of the heavens, the courses of the planets, and the eternal laws which govern them, to the brilliant and gorgeous dreams of astrology; and from the ever priceless truths of science and morals, to the fictions of alchymy, magic, and superstition. He has yielded the high prerogatives of his mind to the love of wonders, and forgot the worth of vigorous thought on the reason of things, and the value of his powers of observation and judgment. These must be prized as much as the marvellous has been loved, and then the reign of fanaticism, religious imposture, and the wild schemes of modern revivalists will soon be finished. But till the general mind is awakened to consider the necessity of being awake to enquire 'the reason of things,' society will be convulsed by religious zealots, and the impositions of Burchardism and Mormonism, will find dupes upon which to fasten their foolishness. The history of almost any religious imposture by which society has been agitated, will prove that their first foothold has been in the credence given to slight claims to something superhuman; these claims, and this credence, then increased, till the madman found he had a band of disciples, and became bold in his professions of supernatural excellences. The history of Mormonism will illustrate this perhaps as well as that of any other fanaticism, and as much attention has been drawn to the Mormons and their religion by the late serious disturbances in the West, and as every one is curious to know the origin and progress of such an imposture as Mormonism, we will endeavor to sketch the rise and progress of this fabulous religion.

The Book of Mormon, or what is called the



Mormon Bible, has this title,—‘An Account, written by the hand of Mormon upon Plates, taken from the plates of Nephi. By Joseph Smith, jr., Author and Proprietor.’ This volume of about 600 pages, the Mormonites regard as sacred; or to use one of its own phrases, ‘more bible,’ they receiving our sacred scriptures, and considering this book as additional to them. The person whose name is on the title page as author and proprietor, tells us that he was directed by the Spirit of God to dig in a hill in the township of Manchester, Ontario County, N. Y. for certain plates of gold that there were hid, and on which were engraved sacred records. He dug, and found the plates. But the records were in an unknown language; Smith was specially inspired to translate them; and this he did by putting one of them into his hat, reading a word at a time, and giving that to a scribe who wrote it down. These translations compose the book of Mormon, to which is appended, as a rather singular affair, the testimony of eleven persons in proof of its divine origin, who declare that they have seen, hefted, and know that Smith has the plates of which they have spoken, and also that they have seen the engravings thereon, all of which has the appearance of ancient work, and of curious workmanship. These men declare that an angel shew them the golden plates, and the Deity himself assured them the translation was made by the power of his assistance. The volume contains 15 books, said to be written at various times, by different persons; it is in imitation of the style of the scriptures, and awkward is the combination of some of the sentences in order to preserve the solemn style to be imitated. Two thirds of the paragraphs are ushered in with ‘And it came to pass;’ and we find such passages as these,—‘And it came to pass that when they had *arriven* in the borders of the land of the Lamanites.’ ‘And it came to pass that I Nephi did make *bellowses* wherewith to blow the fire.’ In the following passage a happy state of society is alluded to,—‘There were no robbers, nor no murderers, neither were there Lamanites, nor no manner of Ites.’ There is a prophetic passage that seems to relate to the present times, and to set aside the objection to ‘more bible,’ thus,—‘And because my words shall hiss forth, many of the Gentiles shall say, A Bible, a Bible; we have got a Bible, and there cannot be any more Bible.—Wherefore, because that ye have a Bible, ye need not suppose that it contains all my words,

neither need ye suppose that I have not caused more to be written.’

The volume contains professed historical records, declarations of prophecy, and exhortations. Though pretending to come from different writers, yet they appear to belong to one family, for one style runs through the whole. There are in the prophecies predictions concerning the bringing forth of the plates by the hand of the Gentile, and woful denunciations on those who should object to ‘more Bible.’ Chapters of the prophecies of Isaiah are copied, and John the Baptist is predicted of in the same language as our scriptures contain respecting him. There are also prophetic visions of the times of our Savior, and thus we read,—‘And it came to pass, that the angel spake unto me again, saying, Look! And I looked, and beheld the Lamb of God, that he was taken by the people, yea, the Everlasting God was judged of the world. And I, Nephi, saw that he was lifted up upon the cross and slain for the sins of the world.’ These prophecies are continued to the Reformation, and set forth the coming of the prophet Joseph.

The professed history of these plates with the sacred records, is stated in brief thus,—Lehi, a good and devout man, warned by the divine threatenings, fled from Jerusalem 600 years before Christ, taking with him some engraved plates, whereon was written the history of his tribe. These plates were committed from father to son, until the 5th century, when the tribe became nearly extinct, the plates were hidden where they were found by Joseph Smith. The historical records are vague indeed, as they contain no intimations of the geography of the whereabouts of the tribe, or as the people are afterwards distinguished, the Nephites and the Lamanites; though by some means it is supposed that they were guided to America, and the mounds throughout the Western States are supposed by the Mormonites to be the remains of the cities of the Nephites and Lamanites. Though Lehi is represented as coming from Jerusalem 600 years before the christian era, yet we find no traces of Jewish customs and manners among the people described; no mention of sacrifices and festivals, which is most strange, as the peculiar modes of living and worship of a Jewish people, especially of that age, stand out prominent in their history; and what is surely slightly tinctured with modernisms, is the manner in which religious affairs are spoken of immediately after their arrival in



their new country, thus we read of preaching, in accordance with modern style of preaching, of baptism, converts, and dissenters; and we are told of what we read nowhere in our Bible, viz. of a plan of redemption prepared before the foundation of the world, for all who believe in Christ, leaving 99-100ths of the human family without hope.

We come now to the *real* history of the Mormon Book, and the facts of which have been attested to by credible witnesses, and commend themselves to attention by their consistency and naturalness. It is well known that the origin of Indians in our country is involved in mystery. Many ingenious hypotheses have been devised, but various as ingenious; but the one most in favor with the olden writers has been that which regarded them as the lost tribe of Israel, which was the scheme advocated by Eliot, the well known apostle to the Indians, who published the Indian Bible—a rare curiosity. A subject so involved in obscurity as this, might well be supposed would awake some fictionist to prepare a work to do by imagination what research could not accomplish, and such an effort was the origin of the Book of Mormon! The simple statement in proof, is thus;—one Solomon Spalding, a native of Ashford, Ct. was, in early life, an apt scholar, always distinguished among his fellows, and fond of study. He received an academical education at Plainfield, and afterward studied law at Windham; but this he abandoned, and entered Dartmouth College with a view to prepare for the ministry. Here he received the degree of A. M.; was regularly ordained; and continued in the ministry about three years. This profession, for some cause not known, he gave up, and established himself as a merchant in Cherry Valley, N. Y. There being unfortunate in business, he went to Conneaut, Ohio, where he built a forge, but again failed, and was reduced to great poverty. Thus situated, he devised the project of writing a book, the proceeds of which he hoped would aid him in his difficulty to support his family. The work was to be a historical novel, containing a history of the aborigines of America, regarding them as descendants of the Jews. He chose, as best suited to his subject, and the popular notions of the people, the style of the scriptures—the old English of the time of James the First. ‘The title adopted was, “The Manuscript Found;” and the history commenced with one Lehi, who lived in the reign of Zedekiah, King

of Judea, 600 years before the christian era. Lehi, being warned of God of the dreadful calamities that were impending over Jerusalem, abandoned his possessions and fled with his family to the wilderness. After wandering about the desert for a considerable time, they arrived upon the borders of the Red Sea, and embarked on board a vessel. In this they floated about a long time on the ocean, but at last reached America, and landed upon the shores of Darien. From the different branches of this family were made to spring the various aboriginal nations of this continent. From time to time they rose to high degrees of civilization; but desolating wars arose in turn, by which nations were overthrown, and reduced again to barbarism. In this way the condition of the Indians, at the time of Columbus’ discovery, was accounted for; and the ancient mounds, fortifications, temples, and other vestiges of former civilization, found in North and South America, were explained. The government of these nations was represented to be theocratic, like that of the Jews from whom they descended, and their national transactions were consequently regulated by their prophets and priests, who received their commands directly from the Deity.’

The work was prepared for the press, and Spalding sought to obtain the pecuniary assistance needed to publish it, but in vain. He removed to Pittsburg, and afterward to Amity in Penn. where he died. His widow states that after his death the MS. was carried to the printing house of Peterson & Lambdin; but no positive proof can be obtained how it fell into the hands of Joseph Smith, jr. by whom the Book of Mormon was published; circumstances have been traced, sufficiently strong to convince any candid person, that this was done through the agency of Sidney Rigdon, one of the earliest preachers of the Mormon faith. It has, however, been proved beyond controversy, that the historical part of the Mormon Bible, which is the frame-work of the whole, is the same as that contained in Spalding’s Manuscript. A brother and a sister-in-law of the author, and other respectable witnesses, have testified to this fact. The blunders in the work as it now appears, may justly be attributed to the ignorance of Smith in altering and adding to it.

Smith, the high priest, prophet, and founder of Mormonism, was a native of Royalton, Vt., or at least, from there his father emigrated to Man-



chester, N. Y. when the son was sixteen years of age. The family is represented as lazy, ignorant, and superstitious—a very natural trio. They believed in witches, ghosts, and fortune-telling, and like other foolish dreamers spent much time in digging for gold hid by Kidd or the Spaniards. Young Joseph became quite an adept in the arts of necromancy and divination, and could discover wonders by aid of a peep-stone. He succeeded in getting around him a band of credulous young men, to dig for treasure; and it was pretended that in one of these magically-directed excavations, the plates of sacred records were found—said to be enclosed in a box, to all appearance a common window glass packing box. It was said by the family that he had had visits from angels and spirits, and was taught many wonderful things; this began some time in 1825, but being thwarted by an evil spirit, he did not obtain the plates till 1827. The discovery was soon proclaimed far and wide; it was declared the plates contained upon them, written in ‘reformed Egyptian characters,’ a history of the Aborigines of this country, but which could only be read by the power of God. Many persons who had regarded Joseph as a mysterious being—supernatural in his endowments, became his proselytes, though none were permitted to see the plates, as it was declared none could look upon them and live. The prophet, by aid of his peep-stone, commenced the translation; removed to Pennsylvania, as some evil spirits strove, he said, to kill him; there he pretended to finish the translation, and buried the plates where no man knoweth. The mysterious character of Smith, the pretended difficulty of the translation, the scriptural style of the work, and the address, ingenuity, fascinating manners, of Smith, served to ensnare the lovers of the marvellous, and multiplied converts. Smith persuaded a band of followers to sell their property, and go with him to found a New Zion in Missouri, west of the Mississippi river, and they accordingly established themselves in Jackson county, in that State. The recently developed character of Smith, the troubles amongst them, and the serious wars that have turned public attention to the fanatics, need not be detailed—they are too well known to require repetition.

Each one will draw his own reflections from these details, but there is one lesson all should learn, and that is—The necessity of cultivating an investigating disposition, that at all needed

times there may be a readiness to apply the heart to know, to search, and to seek out wisdom, and the reason of things, and to know the wickedness of folly, even of foolishness and madness.

*Haverhill, Mass.*

ED.



### THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE.

Original.

WANDERER in the paths of sin,  
Lost to all the peace within,  
Tempted, tried, and led astray,—  
Jesus Christ—he is the *Way*!

Ye whose hearts are torn with grief,  
Vainly seeking faith's relief,  
Bound by error's bonds from youth,—  
Jesus Christ—he is the *Truth*!

Ye who know not life's great ends,  
Nor the love which o'er ye bends,  
Wasting days in pleasure's strife,—  
Jesus Christ—he is the *Life*!

Like the streams from desert rock,  
To the thirsty, fainting flock,  
Are the truths which Jesus brings—  
In the heart like living springs.

Learn of him, his meekness, love,  
Set your hearts on things above,  
With his trust, his hope, and zeal,  
Wait what God shall soon reveal.

ED.



### ADVERSITY.

Original.

THAT in this state of being we have many sorrows to endure, many perplexities to overcome, and much unkindness to forgive is no such new doctrine that it requires argument or proof to establish the fact. But if the simple evils of life were enumerated or weighed in a just balance, we should find them to be trifling in comparison with the estimate which is generally made of them.

The phrenologists speak of an organ developed in the human skull, which is termed *marvellousness*; and mankind appear to possess more or less of that quality. We have no doubt that a certain proportion of it is necessary, and would be calculated to answer a good purpose. The feeling of wonder and also of admiration are pleasant to the mind, and without them, the wondrous works of the Almighty would fail to excite proper emotions in our breasts. Reason is given us in order to direct our feelings into the legitimate channel. When her voice is heeded, we



shall not run into such mistakes as naturally tend to make us unhappy.

This principle of marvellousness should not be permitted to operate upon the ills of life to which we may be subjected; for then they become magnified and increase our torment, beyond patient endurance. It is our own fault, if we permit our imagination to run away with us; and punishment follows accordingly. Let it be remembered that the mind of man is finite, and that, therefore, it can contain but a limited quantity of thought at one time. Now if every little evil of life is expanded by fancy, it will fill the mind to the exclusion of more comfortable reflections. Hence a small ill is not only made much larger, but no counteracting good is permitted to combat it, as the mind is filled with the dark shadow which an unrestrained fancy has conjured up. It is thus that man is the only being who fears death—man who has so much to hope, to exult in, when the great change is about to take place.

The brute has none of those apprehensions, those boding fears which render man so weak and so pusillanimous when he apprehends that he is attacked by a fatal disease. Even so, the child plays with its nurse, while death is seizing upon its vitals.

Neither of them has learned to look with alarm upon dissolution. The actual amount of pain—the prostration of strength—and the feeling of change are felt by them. Why should reasoning man be more alarmed at the prospect of death than they? It is because he looks at all the ills of life through a magnifying medium. He is not content to suffer what nature actually decrees; but he must also shape out horrors which exist only in his own mind.

It is not necessary that man should do this. It is not a law of his being. Even the unbelieving and uncivilized Indian has learned to control this faculty—this marvellous view of pain, hardship, and death. So far from permitting his fancy to augment his sufferings, when tortured at the stake, he drives fear and anxiety far from him by thinking of the glories of a future world. He endures the most cruel tortures without a murmur. This is sufficient to teach us that the ills of life can be patiently borne, even without the aid of christian faith and hope. We also see in society, many persons whose universal good nature and equanimity appear to be impervious to grief. Whatever betides them, they always wear a smile. Misfortune appears to leave

them unscathed—like the buoy, which being plunged under water, rises immediately to the surface.

Were you to examine these persons, and inquire into their habits of thought, you would find that they had arrived at this equable state of feeling, by never dwelling upon the sources of grief—by chasing the clouds from their minds before they had an opportunity to settle on their spirits.

But it is not every one who possesses this happy frame of mind; and it is especially necessary for persons of a gloomy temperament to aim to attain to it. Let them cultivate virtue—let them keep a clear conscience; and let them meditate upon the promises contained in the gospel, for when correctly understood, they will tend to our encouragement, they will create cheerfulness, and produce resignation. We cannot promise that the guilty mind will be cheerful and happy. It is contrary to the promise of God—it is not according to the wise ordering of his providence.

But when we do yield ourselves up to the commission of evil; or when we permit our fancy to clothe the ills of life in horrors not their own, let us not complain that the Creator has made us wretched, and that he has rendered our existence intolerable.

c.



## REFLECTIONS IN THE WOODS.

Original.

THE person who has never enjoyed the pleasure of walking alone in a wood, during a pleasant day, has missed one of the most delightful entertainments of a rational and immortal being.

There is a sense of solitude accompanying one of these excursions, that is rarely felt on any other occasion: and it is this certainty that we are excluded from the world, and are in little danger of being intruded upon, which gives a zest to a ramble in the woods. But this is not all. The wildness of nature is delightful to the mind of man. The uncurbed exuberance of the branches, the variety in the hues of the foliage, and the size of the trees, the mixture of patriarchal oak with twining vine and bramble, the clusters of wild grapes, fragrant and luscious, yet unsought; the old split rock, half covered with moss, the bold squirrel, who ventures to peep at you from his gray eye, before he runs away, and the more timid fox howling in the distance,—all these conspire to fill the mind with pleasure, more or less



sublime, according to the sensibility of the individual and the state of his heart at the time.

Without care or anxiety upon my mind, I wandered forth, in my youth, not for the purpose of seeking pleasure—for in such premeditated pleasure excursions we are apt to be disappointed—but I had gone abroad because I had no other employment, and man is a busy being.

After surveying the fields and speculating upon the probable amount of crops, I found myself gliding down a green slope, on either side of which grew lofty elms; and not taking heed to my ways, shortly afterward crossed an old bridge which had been built by our ancestors over a stream as clear as the eye of beauty, which wound around the sedgy bank, and went—I knew not whither. The shade deepened as I proceeded, until the leaves which rustled, ankle deep, as I went on, convinced me that I had inadvertently penetrated the forest; but the harmonious chant of myriads of birds, syren like led me on still deeper and deeper into the wilderness. The oppression from the heat which I had felt, was now completely removed, and after bathing my red brow in a bubbling fountain, and quaffing nature's choice beverage to the fill, I resolved to 'go where fancy led me'—but countless dreams arose, and very soon fancy or taste had nothing to do with the course which I took. Pleased, yet unmindful of the sources from which pleasure was drawn, I fell into reverie; and glad as I had been to escape from the world and its jarring scenes, my imagination carried me back to that world, and I pondered upon what I had seen and heard when dwelling in the crowded city and the 'village of the plain.'

I thought on the world as it really is, and on the children of men—my brethren—with all their joys and their sorrows—their hopes and their fears. I traced the career of man from the cradle to the grave. I saw him a helpless and imbecile creature, wholly dependent upon others for support and for safety. His little limbs beautiful beyond compare in their transparent whiteness, and plump, and luxurious, stretched out, with natural instinct in a fond appeal to his mother's love—and that mother with yearning heart, with love how strong! gladly receiving to her bosom the blessed treasure, the pledge of her youthful love, the creature of innocence and purity, without guile and without suspicion, and pressing its lovely form to that tender bosom from whence it derived its nourishment. No stronger proof do

I want of the Savior's divine authority than his kind and compassionate regard to children! It was not in him a mere common-place endearment, a mere show of civility to the mothers of these little ones. No—no—the disciples forbade them to approach the blessed Jesus. They doubtless thought that one commissioned from heaven with such high authority, would be troubled by the caresses or cries of the active and noisy little creatures, and would have driven them away. Not such was the greatness and dignity of the Messiah. His dignity was founded in the tenderness, the condescension, and mercifulness of his nature. 'Suffer little children to come unto me,' said the wisest and greatest of men—'for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

Those artless creatures clung around the Savior's sacred person—their guileless eyes were turned up to his—their little hearts beat with pleasure as he smiled upon them; and when he took them in his arms and blessed them, how little did they know that they were folded to the bosom of *Christ the Lord*!

Oh! happy scene! Could human artist have done justice to it, and conveyed it, true to the life, to the speaking canvass, not one man of all the world could have looked upon the picture, and remained an infidel? Jesus surrounded by little children! He that was without spot or blemish—the blessed Lamb of God—holding in his tender arms the young, the artless, the pure, the sinless portion of mankind. Their clustered chestnut locks sweeping the brow of Divine Majesty, their little tender hands resting on the cheek that never had cause to blush for sin or word unadvisedly spoken. It was a group at which angels gazed, and as they leaned from their high abode to witness the hallowed scene, a thrill of joy shot through their incorruptible frames, and they struck their harps anew as they repeated the anthem, 'Glory to God in the highest—peace on earth and good will to men!'

Those children grew up; yet we hear nothing more of them. We do not read that one of those little ones, whom Jesus blessed, became a preacher of the gospel, or even a christian. Perhaps they mingled with the world—perhaps that as years increased, they were allured by the temptations of sin, and became the worst of mankind. We know not. But they had received the Savior's blessing in their infancy. He had taken them in his arms, and the benediction of God's holy Son had rested on their heads.



Were they of the elect? History tells us no such thing; and we have no reason to suppose that they proved better men and women than others have done. Yet the Savior blessed them. They were, at that time, innocent and pure, and he said, 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven!'

Poor erring man! Jesus came to bless the world, and to save mankind from their sins. He found these gentle infants without sin, and he pronounced them holy. But whither have we wandered—where have the allurements of the world, our lusts, and our passions, carried us? We have lost our innocence; we have wandered from happiness, and have pierced ourselves through with many sorrows; yet Jesus would have blessed us had he seen us in our infancy. He would have us converted, and become little children again. He would wash out our sins, though they are as scarlet, and make them white as wool. He would have us wise as serpents, but *harmless as doves*. He would have us like the gentle lambs on the hill-tops, artless and foolish as regards the vain wisdom of this world, trusting alone upon the great source of true wisdom for help and knowledge and happiness.

Will he not remember those whom he has blessed, though they have fallen from their innocence? Oh! will he not receive the wounded and sin-disfigured heart again? Will he not remember that they were once innocent and guileless, and that they have been exposed to numerous temptations? Will not he who prayed for forgiveness on his murderers, and could Jesus supplicate his Father in vain, also intercede for the whole world of frail and erring humanity?

Will not he who blessed little children, have us all to be saved, and become as pure, as artless, as innocent, as unspotted as they; and then shall we not find a refuge in the arms of redeeming love?

Yea, for in his countenance was the reflection of Jehovah's brightness, and his clemency is as lasting as the ages of eternity! E. W. S.



## ON HEARING 'BONNY DOON' SUNG.

Original.

TO SYRENA.

I HEARD last night the fav'rite song  
So often sweetly sung by thee,  
And on my ear it lingered long,  
Opening the stores of memory.  
I saw thee, as I loved to see,

Radiant with smiles of richest grace,  
As when thou wert from sorrow free,  
And health was written on thy face.

The 'bower' I saw,—the 'bonny boat'  
That oft upon our father's stream,  
Plied by the brothers hands did float,  
While on us shone the bright moon beam;  
And round the shore the dear forms stood,  
All gaily cheering us along,  
While echoing from the distant wood,  
Came back the sounds of choral song.

But never more that happy band  
Will gather there in health and glee,  
For thou art in the 'better land,'  
And thy dear love is there with thee.  
Ah, sweeter songs employ thy voice,  
Than ever reached the mortal ear;  
And there, all met, we shall rejoice,  
As we can never, never here.

ARIAN.

Boston, Mass.



## THE FRIENDS.

Original.

THE Friends or Quakers took their rise in the time of Charles I. As they are a very remarkable sect, it may not be amiss to take a brief survey of their manners, doctrines, and customs. The founder of the society was a shoemaker, although he spent much of his time in tending sheep. When we regard the peaceful and quiet character of this denomination, we cannot but smile as we reflect that George Fox once had the charge of those harmless and pacific animals.

The primitive Quaker character differed somewhat from that of the present day. Nurtured amid the storms of revolution, and continually contending with the various sects at that time bursting into existence, the society had abundant claim to the title of a church militant. Their preachers were of a proselyting disposition, and neither they nor the common members knew much of worldly ease. They appeared to have relinquished all claim to the good things of this life, for the sake of that better world where durable rest is found. Instead of the quiet, unconcerned air which they now assume, their religious meetings were remarkable for a powerful display of feeling. Weeping, sighing, and trembling were so common in their assemblies, that they received the title of Quakers, by which appellation their revilers signified that they were in the habit of quaking during divine service. It is seldom that such evidences of feeling are displayed by them, at the present day. They appear to look



with disdain upon such emotions, and brand them as Methodistical.

There appears to be a disposition in all religious societies to gain eminence in the eyes of the world—to number among their proselytes the wise, the rich, and the influential. This wordly desire brought the early christian church to the verge of ruin, notwithstanding the example of the great Master who chose for his disciples the humble and the despised fishermen of Judea—not that the door was shut against the great ones of this world; but because they had great possessions, and were not generally willing to let go their hold on earthly pleasures for the sake of those which endure forever.

The Quakers endured bitter persecution for some years; but this served to augment their importance and increase their numbers. Several eminent men joined the society even at a time when they were trodden down as offals and rubbish under the feet of men. The writer of this article remembers well when a Quaker could not pass through the streets of some of our principal cities without being reviled and hooted at.

In these latter days, the principal persecution to which these people are subjected, consists in aggression from religious fanatics, who, taking advantage of their pacific principles, go to their meetings and hold forth greatly to the interruption of the regular worship of the members. A singular personage by the name of John Edwards, has rendered himself notorious by this kind of clerical piracy. He was frequently dragged out of the meeting-house in New-York, and finally became so much offended by such treatment, that he declared his determination to attend their meetings no more. I never learned that this determination on his part wounded their feelings very deeply.

One of the most remarkable features in the character of this people, is their steady and uncompromising opposition to war in every shape. It is against their principles not only to take any part in the military preparations of their countrymen; but they also refuse to pay a military fine. This did, for some time, subject them to considerable inconvenience. But a steady adherence to principle generally blunts the arrow of persecution, and they are now exempted by law from bearing arms.

Plainness of dress is a singularity which, addressing itself directly to the eye, has rendered them very conspicuous. They profess to believe

in plainness and simplicity of dress, equipage, and conversation. They use the second person singular when addressing one individual, and call the months and days of the week by their numerical names. Their plea for the former consists in its grammatical propriety, and for the latter they allege that the common names of the days and the months were derived from heathen deities. But although their dress is for the most part plain, yet very frequently it is made of the most costly materials. As they object to the shifting fashions of the day, their dress resembles, in most respects, that worn in the days of Charles I. and Oliver Cromwell. But the young Friends of both sexes are making great inroads upon the customs of the society in this respect; and although their meeting-houses are generally plain, yet the furniture of a rich Quaker is often very much the reverse.

The discipline is very strict, insomuch that a member will be turned out of the society for frequenting the theatre, horse-racing, or purchasing lottery tickets. His fate will be the same if he absents himself, for some time, from their religious meetings. Members have been sometimes disowned for deviating from plainness in their apparel.

They are very cautious in admitting persons to membership. A committee is appointed to wait on the applicant, and to sound him on the score of his religious opinions, also to inquire into his moral conduct and his pecuniary affairs. If it shall be discovered that he is poor, it is at once presumed that he seeks admittance into the society in order to insure himself against want, and his application is rejected accordingly. If, on the other hand, it shall be discovered that he is rich, any trifling deviation from established customs may be winked at, in consideration of the supply of solid cash which is thus thrown within their borders. This was not once the case, and severely did that great man, Elias Hicks, charge home upon them this practice when occasion called forth his plain reproof.

It is remarkable that a Quaker is not permitted to marry one of the world's people, as they term those who do not belong to their sect. Disownment is certain to follow this offence; although the person disowned has the privilege of applying for admission again into the society, and if nothing can be brought against him, in addition to his former offence, he will be reinstated. But this offence is never overlooked, and the person



who commits it is certainly turned out of the society. By this arrangement the child of a Quaker is necessarily brought up in the habits of the sect, and becomes early biassed in favor of their principles. But for this, the society would probably have been extinct many years ago. When a young couple have come to a resolution to unite in the holy bands of wedlock, they send notice of their intention to the meeting for business. A committee is appointed to examine into the case, and to discover whether the parties are free from any prior marriage engagements. This being settled, the couple appear personally at the next monthly meeting, take a seat with the elders, and rising up in the face of the assembly, declare that they still continue their intentions of marriage. The next public meeting, held in the middle of the week, is appointed for the performance of the marriage ceremony, and two sober Quakers are appointed to 'see that the marriage is accomplished in an orderly manner.' When the day arrives, the couple take their place on an elevated seat, commonly occupied by ministers and elders. They sit quietly until the close of the meeting, when they arise. They take each other by the hand, and the bridegroom says: 'In the presence of the Lord and this assembly, I take ——— to be my wife, promising to be unto her a faithful and affectionate husband until separated by death.' Then the lady makes a similar declaration, and the meeting is broken up. In the mean time a marriage certificate is spread out upon a small table, and such as feel disposed, affix their name thereunto as witnesses. The two sober Friends attend the wedding banquet, and are supplied with their perquisites in the shape of cake and wine. At the next monthly meeting, they report that the marriage was accomplished in an orderly manner, and that the certificate has been delivered to the recorder.

But what distinguishes these people from all other religious sects, is, their belief in divine inspiration. They maintain that every true gospel minister is inspired, after the manner of the ancient prophets and apostles. To this no other sects pretend, and by this the Quakers remain and ever will remain distinguished as a peculiar people. Their preachers profess to be enlightened in spirit with respect to the state of individuals unto whom they are called to minister; and they, therefore, address them in all confidence, taking it for granted that the secrets of their hearts are laid open to them by the Holy Spirit,

and that what they have to communicate is a message directly from the throne of the Almighty. They therefore eschew 'head knowledge, and the wisdom of this world—having no faith in theological schools, and creeds of human invention: believing that the *inward light* is the only infallible teacher, sufficient not only to make us wise unto salvation, but also to inform us concerning matters not appertaining strictly to our religious condition. In this respect alone, the Quakers are worthy of curious remark; since, if they are correct, the age of prophecy and supernatural knowledge has not passed away.

L. P.



## LIFE AS IT IS.

Original.

WE are seldom called upon to exercise any extraordinary degree of faith, heroism, or christian patience. Few of us are marked out as great reformers, as objects of religious persecution, or as martyrs. We are not called upon to defend our faith in the presence of lords spiritual or lords temporal—to go to the dungeon or the stake for the answer of a good conscience. But we have duties to perform, and if they appear trifling in comparison with those which I have named, there is the less excuse for us if we fail in them. There is no man so humble, no one so much cut off from society, but he has his allotted work to do. There are individuals who would like to be great reformers, conspicuous in the eyes of men, and famed in remote ages for doing some great work, for bringing about some mighty revolution; and could they crown all by becoming martyrs, it would give quite a zest to the whole affair. Well—they can become great reformers, if they choose so to be. They can immediately set about reforming themselves; and if they do this successfully and completely, they will have achieved a glorious revolution, one that will redound much to their honor. If it does not procure them the applause of admiring thousands, it will raise them in the estimation of angels, and render them worthy to be called the sons of God.

But these people are not content with washing in Jordan seven times. They would be healed by some more high sounding method. Yet it will be found quite difficult enough for them to do their duty in whatever sphere they may be placed. Small and unimportant as our every day duties may seem, they are often neglected. Many an idle word is spoken; many an act of petulance



or even of unkindness is committed. Many opportunities of being serviceable to others are suffered to pass unimproved: and the thousand nameless kindnesses which might be administered to our fellow creatures every day of our lives, are overlooked in our admiration of 'noble deeds,' and our desire to enact some conspicuous and important part in the drama of life.

The man who goes to the stake as a martyr to his faith, is not a more noble object than one who performs faithfully all the little obscure duties of life which, as a man and a christian, fall within his province. They are these 'trifles which make the sum of human things;' and it is the neglect of them which produces nearly all of the unhappiness which we endure in this life; which embitters feelings, fomented jealousies, separates friends, and confirms enemies.

All the duties of a christian may be performed without having recourse to excitement, or turning the world upside down.



#### THE GOSPEL HOPE.

Original.

HOPES and desires are implanted by the great author of our being in the bosoms of the human family. There is not an individual but what has hopes and desires which he fondly cherishes, and who, when the fallacy of one is brought to view, will but murmur a passing regret, or shed a tear, and hope again. The merchant trusts his fortune in a frail bark, because the bright vision of hope reveals to him fair winds, and a safe arrival of his treasure on foreign shores. And when the farmer tills the earth, and commits to its gendering bosom the seed which is to spring forth, and bud, and blossom, and mature for the sustenance of himself and family, and administer to the wants and necessities of others, it is always with the hope that such will be the consequences, and that such will be the reward of his toil. And thus it is with all mankind. Every one has his hopes and desires, and they seem to administer to his comfort and happiness. But how extremely fallacious are all human hopes? and how very uncertain are all earthly anticipations and desires!

When summer skies are over us—when not a cloud obscures the blue arch of heaven, and earth is teeming with fragrance and song—we are apt, in the gush of joyous feeling, to clothe the future with sunshine and glory, and to look

forward with eager anticipation to days of the same cloudless serenity and calmness. But the cloud and the storm come up when our hopes are the most active and bright, and they are dimmed, and broken, and banished from the heart! They are like tender flowers that spring up in evening's silence and solitude—they droop and fade in an hour; 'the wind passeth over them and they are gone, and the place thereof shall know them no more!' How true it is that our earthly hopes are frail, too often founded on vanity, fleeting as the winds, unsubstantial and fading! It is likewise very true that they were given to man for a benevolent purpose; but they were never designed to satisfy the longings of the soul, neither to impart unto it true and lasting enjoyment. Hope never can do this unless it point beyond the scenes of this world.

Man knows that he is made subject to mortality, and that soon he must lie mouldering, lone, even with the clods of the valley. Hope may cull flowers from earthly scenes and strew them along his path, but he is not satisfied; there is still something wanting to complete the sum of his present enjoyment. There is no happiness—there can be none true and lasting, for the man who hath no light for the future. The sun may beam ever so brightly upon his habitation, and his bowers be filled with the song and the fragrance of earth, but there is something still wanting to make him happy. He is without peace, without tranquillity, without support in sorrow, without consolation in affliction, and without that which causes man to triumph in the dying hour! He may have wealth, and honor, and many and true friends, but the tide of infelicity will not be rolled back from his bosom, for his hope has lain down at the grave, and despair has written within its depths, '*death is an eternal sleep.*'

It is the gospel hope that alone can give peace—a hope that looks beyond the narrow bounds of time, to a world of endless beatitude and perfection! A hope that 'opens a bright vista beyond the darkness and silence of the grave,' and points to a glorious inheritance in the kingdom of immortal blessedness and joy! What are all earthly hopes compared with this? What is the sunshine of a day to that flood of glory which bursts from the throne of God, and fills immensity! O, it is a high and a glorious hope. It will cheer and gladden our hearts when all the charms of earth have fled. It is an angel which will stand by us when friends have vanished away, and sing



of a home and a Father? It throws from the cup of human life its bitter minglings of misery and tears, and pours a flood of light in upon the darkness of the soul! And how sure and steadfast is this hope! In the language of an apostle it is 'as an anchor to the soul.' When friend after friend is departing to the shadowy land—when disappointments and sorrows have bruised the spirit—when tempest after tempest is sweeping over the stormy ocean of human existence, if the soul possess the anchor hope, it remains as firm as the surge repelling rock—it smiles at the storm and looks to God!

If there is any one thing in this wide world that can heal the anguished bosoms of the disconsolate, and wipe from the mourner's eye the falling tear, it is a hope like this, so firm, so true! And when we come to die, what then will cause us to triumph but that hope which is said to be 'as an anchor to the soul?' Without it how utterly devoid of comfort is man in a dying hour! Indeed how abject, how miserable, how much to be deplored, his situation! In possession of it he enters 'the valley and shadow of death' rejoicing, feeling assured that there is ONE who will never desert him, but who will still watch over him,

'And guide him through the dreadful shade.'

Well has the poet exclaimed,—

'Unfading hope! when life's last embers burn,  
When soul to soul and dust to dust return,  
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour;  
O, then thy kingdom comes, immortal power!  
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly  
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye!  
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey  
The morning dream of life's eternal day.  
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin,  
And all the phœnix spirit burns within!'

The gospel hope is not only sure and steadfast, but how satisfactory it is, and how tenderly and soothingly it speaks to the heart! It does not merely tell us that we shall live again, but that perfection in holiness and happiness awaits us in the great assembly of saints. It tells the soul that it is destined to unite with angels in praise and thanksgiving around the throne of Omnipotence, and there be continually increasing in divine grace and knowledge, and going on from perfection to perfection!

But it stops not here. It speaks of joys on high for every child of God. It tells us that the heart's loved and cherished ones shall participate in the same glorious destiny; that friends and kindred are to experience the same resurrection

to immortality and incorruption, are to achieve, through him who loved us, the same great victory over sin and death, and are to unite in the same rejoicings around the throne of God! And finally, it points to a period when a vast and congregated universe shall be introduced into the blissful habitations of eternity, and lift up both heart and voice in singing the song of Moses and the Lamb!

This hope rests upon a firm and an unshaken basis. Time in his ravages affects it not. His earthquakes may rock the towering pyramid into ruins that has braved the shock of centuries; but *this* NEVER! Cities, nations, kingdoms, and empires may be dissolved, and vanish 'like the baseless fabric of a vision;' but the foundation of the glorious hope of immortality shall remain unshaken and indestructible.

The basis on which this hope rests, is the immutable promise and oath of God,\* and the assurance is given by the resurrection of our Savior from the dead. For, as says the apostle, 'If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain.' Yes, if the Messiah be still slumbering in the rocky sepulchre—if death still exerts its sway over his spirit, there is no hope for man but to lie down in darkness, and sleep the long and dreamless night of oblivion! The great and glorious hope of immortality is left without foundation, and is as a dream and a vision of the night, which, on awaking, vanish.

But this cannot be; for 'Christ has indeed risen, and become the first fruits of them that slept.'† Here the earnest assurance is given us by one that knew that Christ has indeed risen from the dead. If it had not been so, he would have been branded immediately as a liar and an impostor. There was no chance for imposition. The Jewish nation had entirely secured the world from it; they had blocked up every avenue that led in that direction. And it was morally impossible for the apostles to palm an imposition of this kind upon the world. Look also at the time when they first testified to the fact of our Savior's resurrection. 'If the apostles had *first* published this resurrection several years after the time which they assigned for it, unbelief might have availed itself of the delay. But only three days after the crucifixion of Christ they declared that he was risen again, and they re-echoed this testimony in a singular manner at the feast of Pentecost, when Jerusalem expected the spread of the report, and endeavored to prevent it; while

\* Heb. vi. 17—20.

† Paul to the Corinthians.



the eyes of their enemies were yet sparkling with rage and madness, and while Calvary was yet dyed with the blood they had shed there. Do impostors take such measures? Would they not have waited till the fury of the Jews had been appeased, till the judges and public officers had been changed, and till the people had been less attentive to their depositions? '\*

The apostles could not have been impostors; taking all the circumstances into the account, it were utterly impossible. Then Paul was only uttering a heavenly and a heart-cheering truth when he declared that Christ had risen from the dead. And it follows, that because he lives we shall live also, and in the great resurrection be like him—be raised immortal and incorruptible, purified from every earthly affection, and cleansed from every sinful impurity and desire.

The resurrection of Christ, then, is the assurance of the gospel hope; and what a strong and sufficient assurance it is! and with fulness of joy we can build a glorious expectation on the universal blessing in Christ. If man here builds his hope, it shall never fall. Neither the storms of affliction, nor the winds of adversity will be able to move it; but it shall stand unshaken until mortality is swallowed up of life, and then receive its fruition in a blessedness as lasting as eternity.

Hartford, N. Y.

A. C. B.

\* Horne.



#### ALTERED SCRIPTURE.

Original.

In two communications before us we find two passages quoted as they are very commonly altered, and we deem it important to correct them. The first is Psalm xxiii. 4: 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.' This is often made to read: 'The *dark* valley of the shadow of death,' giving to the whole an idea entirely different from the cheerfulness of the correct text. The other passage is Luke xxii. 44: 'And being in an agony, he prayed more earnestly; and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground.' This is often in prayers and sermons and articles essentially changed, declaring 'he sweat great drops of blood'—the similitude of the historian being changed into a reality, and presents a too awful picture of agony. We are aware, that eminent medical authorities can be quoted to prove, that in cases of very vio-

lent fears and agonies, persons have sweat drops of uncommon thickness or viscosness of the color of blood; but the Evangelist simply states that he sweat *as it were* great drops of blood—drops as large as those of blood. The agony of our Lord was great, but not so fearful and torturing as the alteration would present. Both of these corruptions of scripture add gloom and horror beyond the authority of truth.

We would add a remark in this connection, on Eph. iv. 32: 'And be ye kind to one another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.' This is often quoted when prayers are desired to be answered by the Father for '*Christ's sake*,' as though something more was needed to move his compassion than his underived love for his children. The proper rendering would be—'*As God, by Christ, hath, &c.*' And it may be proper to remark in addition, that the words—'for Christ's sake'—occur only here in all the New Testament, whereas the phrase thus rendered, is many times to be found in the original. The common version weakens very much the apostle's argument, as he is enjoining on the brethren the duty of free forgiveness, forbearance, and mercy, and refers to the free grace and forgiveness of God through Christ as the powerful incentive to the proper discharge of the duty.

ED.



#### COLLECTED FRAGMENTS.

Original.

##### I. LOVE.

'The soul that hath no earthly tie,  
May cast a longing glance on high;  
But those who taste the heaven of love,  
Forget there is a Heaven above.'

It is not so, thou poet wild!  
For even Love's most favored child,  
Is often taught how brittle is  
Each linking tie to earthly bliss,  
And if there were no better sphere,  
He would not dare to love e'en here;  
For as the heart is bound to one,  
It feels the need a heaven to own;—  
He 'casts a longing glance on high,'  
As to the home where loves ne'er die.

##### II. IS HE RICH?

'He is rich in sense, he is rich in worth,  
And rich in the blood of an honest birth;  
Then ask no more, "*Is he rich in gold?*"  
His riches are bought, but can never be sold.'

CAN riches love us? or can wealth bestow  
The smiles to cheer us in our hours of woe?  
And can they cool the fevered brow? or dry  
The tears of anguish in the mourning eye?  
Or can they teach us of the world above,  
Whose only riches are the sweets of love?



Gold is a silent god—it has no heart !  
 It weeps not with us, nor regrets to part ;  
 Its smiles are only as the sunbeams lay  
 On icy hill-tops, that ne'er melt away.—  
 Then, O never ask, 'Is he rich in gold ?'  
 But, Does his heart true, constant love enfold ?  
 And is his mind rich in the better wealth—  
 Religion's truths and hopes, and virtue's health ?  
 If yea ! the answer—thank thy God that thou  
 Canst in love's name at a rich altar bow.

### III. GLORY.

'Real glory  
 Springs from the silent conquest of ourselves ;  
 And without that, the conqueror is nought  
 But the first slave.'

WHAT has not man deemed glory, that is base,  
 Warring against the mind, and claiming men,  
 God's offspring ! as the slaves of his own will !  
 To strew the earth with slain, and crimson o'er  
 The battle field with blood, and mid the groans  
 Of dying hearts, the wail of trampled forms,  
 And shrieks of orphaned sons, to shout aloud  
*Victory !* man has glory called. And when  
 There are *no more to conquer*, sits him down  
 To weep that *now* his cup of glory's full !  
 How long will man, mistaken man, thus seek  
 The glory made of tears and blood and sighs,  
 And in his love for 'noble deeds,' forget  
 The mastery of *self*—the glory there—  
 That harms no soul, but gives a strength to be  
 More like the type of human glory true—  
 Jesus, our Leader, Captain, Guide, and Friend !

E.D.



### THE STORM.

Original.

THE shades of night had covered the earth.  
 Darkness brooded over the face of the deep.  
 Clouds shut out the light of the moon and stars.  
 The deep rumbling of the distant thunder rang  
 through heaven's broad arch, and echoed and  
 re-echoed among the clouds and lofty hills of Ju-  
 dea. The broad flashes of lightning seemed to  
 set the whole expanse of heaven on fire, and re-  
 vealed to the mariner's straining sight, the yawn-  
 ing caverns of the deep. The roaring tempest  
 swept across the sea of Galilee, plunged the mar-  
 iner's feeble bark in the foaming waves, and  
 threatened it with instant destruction.

On this dark and tempestuous night, was a lit-  
 tle boat, toiling amid the contending waves. It  
 is that of the disciples of the world's Savior—the  
 long expected Messiah. The rolling billows  
 seem contending for the glory of triumphing over  
 and swallowing them up. The mariner's skill is  
 exerted in vain, and their hearts sink within them  
 for fear. The tempest pours from the surround-  
 ing hills, and sweeps across the sea, while they  
 are heaving and tossing in its midst. The forked

lightnings play around their heads, the terrific  
 peals of thunder roll over the waves, and roar  
 through the deep valleys of the land, and seem to  
 shake the very foundations of the earth itself.

In the midst of this elemental strife, the light-  
 ning's flash revealed a something looming over  
 the waves. Every stream of light reveals its ap-  
 proach. All eyes are turned in that direction,  
 and straining to catch another glimpse of the  
 strange sight. Every succeeding flash proclaims  
 it nearer. The deep growling of the distant  
 thunder, and the awful crash of the near dis-  
 charge, seems more hoarse and terrific ; the  
 roaring tempest more wild and fearful ; and the  
 waves more fierce and impetuous.

Again they catch a glimpse of the strange sight,  
 and it is at their side. It is the form of a man  
 walking upon the rolling, heaving, tumultuous  
 waves ! Terror and dismay seize upon them ! All  
 their superstitious opinions are aroused, and they  
 suppose the last leven had revealed to them a  
 spirit ; and they cried out for fear. Destruction  
 seems now inevitable. Death now stared them  
 in the face in all his horrid ghastliness. Every  
 plunge of their little bark seems its last. Every  
 wave seems pregnant with death.

But hark ! it speaks ! a mild and friendly voice  
 is heard ! Words of kindness come to their ears  
 from the midst of the clash of contending ele-  
 ments ! The roaring tempest bears upon its wings  
 sentiments of peace ! It is the voice of the bless-  
 ed Jesus ! 'Be of good cheer ; it is I ; be not  
 afraid,' is his language.

At this voice the tempest is hushed ; the waves  
 roll back on themselves ; the wind dies away ;  
 and calmness and serenity come over the scene  
 where all was turmoil and uproar, 'and there was  
 a great calm.'

NEPTUNE.



### CONSCIENCE.

Original.

It is a truth well authenticated, that, while many  
 of the bravest men of whom history gives any ac-  
 count, have been keenly susceptible to the goad-  
 ings of conscience, other men whose names have  
 become notorious only on account of their ex-  
 treme cowardice, have evinced the most heroic  
 contempt of duty, and the visitings of remorse.  
 Men who were remarkable for their timidity have  
 been known to defy Omnipotence ; and while  
 afraid of their fellow-creatures, have not hesitated  
 to utter blasphemies against the Creator of heav-



en and earth. It is an opinion by no means borne out by facts, that religion is fit only for weak and timid minds. The rise of christianity contradicts this in the most forcible manner. The Savior himself was a living personification of intrepidity. Alone, continually misunderstood, and an object of intense hate to the most influential men of his nation, he hesitated not to denounce their iniquities in their very midst; and for the brief space which was allotted him on earth, after he commenced his work, was engaged in the mightiest revolution that the world ever knew, and one which had for its object the overthrow and subversion of the most ancient, most popular, and most firmly rooted systems in existence. But I shall not, at this time, dwell particularly upon his character. His intrepidity throws into the shade that of the greatest heroes on record.

Let us next look at the apostles. They, too, were religious and strictly conscientious men. Were they weak and timid persons? Let facts answer. They took their stand at the foot of the cross; they dated their career from the martyrdom of Jesus; and with their bleeding Master and his perils continually before their eyes, went forth among his murderers to charge them with their crime—that they had slain the just and the holy one. They endured a life of peril, boldly proclaimed the truth to the Gentiles, and bade the rancorous Jew to look upon him whom they had pierced; and at last they yielded up their lives as the testimony of their sincerity and uncompromising devotion to the sacred cause which they had espoused. In all this, there was nothing which looked like timidity or cowardice. Nor were the apostles alone who thus defied the malice of a wicked generation. All classes of society, without distinction of sex, paved the streets of Rome with their dead bodies, and underwent tortures and the most cruel deaths for the answer of a good conscience toward God. Christianity has had its martyrs of more recent date. Religion is not calculated to make men timorous.

Let not young men, therefore, be discouraged, when the world attributes their conscientious deportment to a want of spirit. It requires more courage to oppose sin than to embrace it; and those who follow a multitude to do evil, do woefully evince their want of independence and their imbecility of mind.

Those who entertain the most fear of doing wrong, are generally the men who have the least fear of anything else; and the man who can sin-

cerely say that he fears nothing but to offend his Maker, has arrived at the highest point of dignity to which human nature can attain. The philosophy of this is plain. Virtue constitutes the true dignity of humanity. It is in vain to talk of any other greatness. The gift of genius is worse than useless when it is made the means of promoting vice. Hence the community never affix the stamp of immortality to works which are calculated to amuse, and neither to instruct nor exalt mankind. So long as wickedness predominates in the world, the unworthy creations of genius will have a fictitious value in the eyes of some; but even they feel that such works cannot last. The seeds of dissolution are at the core of such productions—they are unsound—the progress of man is onward to moral perfection. We instinctively feel that everything which does not tend to that one point, must, sooner or later come to nought. Hell and death are to be destroyed, and the seal of ruin is affixed to all things which appertain to them.

Look at the greatness of the warrior. See Oliver Cromwell after distinguishing himself as the dauntless hero of many battles, as the consummate diplomatist, rising by the force of his own genius and constitutional intrepidity to the highest point of worldly honor. Having attained to the dignity he sought—a king wanting only the name—he finds no rest day or night. Conscience spoke out, and would speak in spite of the ravings of Hugh Peters, and the rest of his fanatical followers. The poor consolation of his death-bed was, that he had been once in grace, and his ghostly adviser comforted him with the miserable sophism that those who had been once in grace could not fall. His conscience gave the lie to all this; and the tempest which raged without, figured forth the distracted and agonizing state of mind in which the spirit of that great man departed. Let no sceptic despise the fearful struggles of his mighty mind. His deeds loudly proclaimed that all which man dare do, he dared to achieve. It was no womanish weakness which rendered Cromwell so much alive to the reproofs of conscience. Who shall contend with the Almighty when he rises in judgment? The great ones of the earth are as hay and stubble when the day cometh which burns as an oven. None but the foolish pretend to be superior to the power of conscience—foolish in 'the supreme point,' however wise they may be in matters pertaining to this world. The great Napoleon, while he brake kings in pieces, and held the fate of nations at his



disposal, solemnly asserted his belief in a Supreme Being. He acknowledged that there was One above him with whose power he could not contend.

What effect should these things have upon smaller minds? Ought they not to pause before they defy the Almighty, and ask themselves whether it is meet for them to despise a power which was acknowledged with awe by the bravest and mightiest of earth's potentates. Did Napoleon confess a God, because he feared the Inquisition? No—for that he had destroyed. Did he profess such a belief, in order to gain the respect of the world? No—for that he commanded, and kings followed in his train. The power of conscience is sooner or later acknowledged by all men. Happy are we if it is embraced as a friend, and not endured as a tormenter.

BETHA.

Boston, Mass.



## CRUELTY TO BRUTE ANIMALS.

Original.

HAS the reader ever reflected how much in our power are the brute animals? Our laws secure the safety of our own species. The slightest injury—nay, a calumny may be punished by law. We may obtain redress even for a word spoken against our reputation.

It is true that flagrant acts of cruelty to horses and some few other animals, have been punished by law; but how frequent are the opportunities where this kind of inhumanity may be exercised without the cognizance of any person but the one concerned in it, and others perhaps who care not for the matter. The power to seek redress, or even to expostulate with his persecutor is wholly denied to the dumb animal. Yet he possesses the power to feel the infliction of bodily pain. I believe that a vast amount of unnecessary pain is inflicted upon these animals; and that this charge may be affixed to some who are not wanting in benevolent feelings toward their own race. In such cases, it is probably done through thoughtlessness. If so, it is high time to pause and consider. That man must not shrink from the charge of hypocrisy who, while professing the christian religion, can deliberately torture a brute animal. We are inexcusable if we do so through carelessness; for it is our duty to have a special care in our treatment of those creatures. If we inadvertently harm a human being, he will not be slow to inform us of our mistake; but if, through our

carelessness we injure a brute, no voice cautions us to beware. Even Solomon, who lived in a barbarous age, and among a people notorious for their inhumanity, tells us that 'a merciful man is merciful to his beast.' I do not speak particularly of the treatment bestowed on those animals which may almost be deemed the companions of men. Many of them are treated with singular tenderness. A favorite horse or dog may be caressed with ridiculous fondness, and even his comfort invaded by attentions which are incompatible with his nature. There is little humanity in this, although some persons who practise it, take great credit to themselves for their tenderness of heart. It is a mere partiality which may be felt by the most unprincipled persons. Many who treat a favorite animal with so much kindness, are cruel to all other dumb creatures.

Great cruelty is frequently exercised even toward domesticated animals. When I see a family go from their door every Sunday morning, dressed in their best apparel, and move off, with a stately step and grave countenances, to the house of God, and know, that in the depth of winter they are in the habit of turning their faithful cat out into the snow every night, I cannot avoid the conclusion that their religion is good for nothing.

If I speak plainly, it is because it is time to do so. There is a great deal of talk about charity now-a-days. I say it is of far more importance to treat those kindly who *cannot* tell their tale of woe, than to be careful of giving offence to those who can speak in their own behalf. The man who would take advantage of the helpless condition of brutes, and treat them with unkindness because he can do it with impunity, deserves to be forsaken in his own hour of calamity; and the man who, for mere sport, hunts or maims a harmless and unoffending dumb animal, be it beast, bird, or fish, is no better than a thief or highway robber. It is said that the brute creation are intended for our use? We will not deny that some of them are, but a tremendous accountability rests upon us where they are concerned; and if we needlessly afflict them, we have no right to murmur if they turn and rend us.

w. c.



WHEN you are angry, remember that you may be calm; and when you are calm, remember that you may be angry.

If the best man's faults were written on his forehead, it would make him pull his hat over his eyes.



## SARAH.

## A TALE OF THE PLAGUE AT MENTZ.

Original.

*'The black plague flew o'er it.'* MANFRED.

DURING the fourteenth century, a period so darkly distinguished in the history of disease and death by the ravages of the plague, there dwelt in the suburbs of Mentz an aged Israelite, by name Joseph Isaacs. Not many years had elapsed since the Jew had located himself in the large but inelegant mansion, which, from its remoteness from the bustle of the city, and from the haunts of its principal inhabitants, offered him a suitable retreat for his young and beautiful daughter; and also for himself, when leaving the scene of his daily traffic, he chose to seek repose amidst the unsuspected luxuries of his apparently humble home. In the rear of the dwelling was a large garden, filled with fruits and flowers, and possessing cool and shaded spots which were frequently conscious of the bright presence of the dark eyed daughter of Israel, and which bore witness to the patient skill with which she tended the growth, or pruned the exuberance of her little domain. Excluded by her faith from christian society, she had found among her flowers an innocent enjoyment; and now, when the voice of revelry was no longer heard in Mentz, the same silent but beautiful companions continued to gladden her young and fearless heart. In her lonely garden she might still be seen, a refreshing contrast in her peaceful loveliness to the loathsome work of the destroying pestilence without the walls; and there day by day, within the limits of a fated city, the bright visions of the gentle girl unfolded themselves in the purest light of hope and innocence. Many a christian's scowl had softened into something like admiration as it dwelt upon the beautiful Jewess, and many a christian's distresses had been relieved by a hand as fair and small as its charities were benevolent and liberal; nor had even the bigotry of ignorance been powerful to deprive the Israelite beauty of that favor which is sure to be conceded to gentleness and goodness wherever disease and poverty plead the cause of her who alleviates them. Her father, with the mercantile skill and extensive resources of his nation, possessed a degree of mental cultivation unusual in that age, and a benevolence and freedom from prejudice of which all within his reach experienced the benefit, and that without difference on account of faith. They had long been wanderers through many

lands, and the employments and quiet of a fixed abode, dear to the heart of a woman, were now becoming pleasantly habitual to Sarah, who had been weary of her frequent changes of residence long ere her father settled in Mentz. Since that event the mother of the Jewess had expired, leaving her almost the sole tie to earth remaining to Joseph; and now, more than ever, the poor girl dreaded renewed intercourse with a world in which her race was oppressed and insulted, unconsoled and unsupported as she felt she now would be by the tenderness and counsel which had hitherto softened so much of life for her. Joseph, too, seemed now averse to change, and encouraged his daughter to beautify the grounds surrounding their mansion, and to form those local attachments which she began to hope he would not again interrupt. Thus were they situated when the plague, after 'sweeping, with the besom of destruction,' other places in Europe, appeared in Mentz.

A man of fine stature and proportions, whose proud carriage and commanding mien contradicted the simplicity of garb which announced a humble rank, was passing the house of Joseph one evening about the hour of vespers. A sound at this time of public calamity unusual in Mentz, struck upon his ear. The song of one whose voice told joyously of youth and gladness arrested his progress, and ere he resumed it, with the rich melody still upon her lips, the Jewess appeared at a window. Her large dark eyes flashing back the radiance of the west, the delicate features of her young and happy face, and the glossy black curls that wandered over her fair and well formed neck, together with the graceful figure of the maiden, fixed the gaze of the passer by, and caused him no slight emotion of regret, when the object of his admiration withdrew from the casement.

Daily, and with various success, the same youth watched for the re-appearance of her whom he found, each time he beheld her, more interesting. His inquiries had procured for him the information, that the ruler of his visions was a daughter of the despised race; yet every morning did he wait to catch a glimpse of the form now become the very star of hope to his romantic heart, and every evening did he linger to hear the beautiful Hebrew hymns, that flowed so melodiously from the voice and lyre of the daughter of Zion. Sometimes they breathed the spirit of battle and of triumph, and the warrior blood of



the listener gave testimony of their power. At other times they uttered the subdued soul of lamentation, and he felt that a race so glorious once, and so touched by the sense of fallen honor, could claim no sentiment of scorn from him. Prejudice melted before the song of Sarah, and a deep romantic passion filled the soul of her auditor, who, though of bold and decided bearing, had yet a scarcely shaded life, and whose temper was ardent, fearless, and generous.

The plague had now for some time devastated Mentz. Europe had been desolated by the deadly disease. Multitudes had passed from city to city, vainly flying from a pestilence every where present, and every where fatal. The remnant of Israel, in all places persecuted, were in some accused by the frenzied populace, as the authors of the universal evil. What marvel then, that when Mentz became at first a hospital, and then a desolation, when her streets grew daily less populous, and her cemeteries were choked with the bloody and putrifying dead, when the living in the morning recoiled with horror from the beautiful and the dear, who had the night preceding sunk to rest upon their bosoms, when the strong were crushed in the fullness of their energy, and terror and despair pervaded the hearts of men, what marvel that, in a crisis so full of agony, superstition should league with the black fiend of pestilence, and that the suspected nation should add to the victims daily delivered unto death? At that day, the very presence of a Jew was considered by the christians as a contamination, and now when they were believed to have brought upon Europe a horrible scourge, by poisoning everywhere the wells and fountains, popular prejudice could no longer be limited, and thousands of the defenceless Israelites atoned with their lives for the injury supposed to have been inflicted on their oppressors.

"Mentz is no longer a place for the persecuted of Israel, Sarah," said Joseph, one evening as he stood beside his daughter, who was quietly pursuing her customary occupation of tending the plants in her garden, now rich with blossoms from various lands, collected by her intelligent and indulgent father.

"The plague daily extends its ravages in Mentz," continued Joseph, replying to the look of unpleasant surprise on his daughter's face. "We must depart from Mentz,—thou art mine only one, and God forgive the thought of thy father's heart! I cannot resign thee, Sarah."

"This is sudden, father," said Sarah, raising her eyes sorrowfully to his face, but returning fondly the old man's caress.

"Alas! Sarah, sudden changes, and unpleasant ones, are not new to the unfortunates of Israel!"

Tears filled the beautiful eyes of Sarah as she listened to the melancholy words of her father, who was accustomed to oppose a manly endurance to the evils of his lot, and to bear them without complaint, but she suppressed all comments, and in silence seemed to await some further disclosure of his plans. Her looks, however, caught regretfully the beautiful plants which had hitherto grown beneath her care, and thoughts like those ascribed by Milton to the 'first woman,' when banished from Eden, crowded upon the mind of Sarah, and communicated their sadness to her countenance. Her father understood that sadness, and was himself reminded of the exile from Paradise, though the beautiful language of the bard referred to, did not then exist to serve as the interpretation of his daughter's thoughts.

"Thou art worthy to be the Eve of a brighter garden," said the old man, gently, and endeavoring to smile.

"A brighter garden, father," said Sarah, "where shall we find one again so beautiful or as dear?"

"We must seek, or make one," said the Jew, sighing as he spoke, "the Israelite hath now no certain home on earth,—and yet, Sarah, thou saidst well that it is dear,—Dear it is to both of us, for here thy mother once—— But this, this is weak!" he added, dashing a tear from his eye. "We must not unnerve ourselves, and we must leave Mentz. Sarah, the christians here already begin to murmur against our nation, and I fear—I fear lest the massacres of my people, elsewhere so bloody, be repeated here,—yea, among ourselves. Shudder not, Sarah,—the daughter of Israel must be strong to endure!"

"Fear me not, father," returned the still shuddering Sarah. "When shall we depart? I will be patient in every trial."

"I cannot doubt thee, dearest," said Joseph, fondly. "All is prepared for our departure. I would not distress thee until concealment was no longer possible. To-morrow, Sarah," he added in a melancholy tone, "to-morrow, and we are again wanderers upon earth! But for thee, my sweet child, I will seek once more a home, where, for thy father's sake, thou wilt again be happy."



'Happy since with thee, my father,' said Sarah, in a voice so faltering, and with a gush of tears so full, that her father could scarcely restrain his own, as he pressed her to his bosom, and soothed her to calmness with the deepest and warmest words of affection that ever a father's heart could supply.

'Let us in, Sarah,' said the Jew, when his daughter had dried her tears. 'Let us in, and implore our God, and our fathers' God, to protect us in our journeyings, for to-morrow we shall need his care, as wanderers of a people once beloved.'

Thus spoke the Jew, but fate had ordered the certain fulfilment of his darkest forebodings.

In Mentz the populace, maddened by the increasing devastations of the plague, rose *en masse*. It chanced that on this day, Arnelm Lichten, the youth whose passion for the Jewess has already been described, had been strolling through the streets of the city, and had thus become a witness of the massacre. He beheld the flow of innocent blood, he saw the desperate Israelites perishing in the flames they had themselves kindled, and shuddering as he remembered the defenceless situation of Sarah and her father, he pushed through the enraged multitude, and in the hope that he might reach their suburb before the crowd, whose numbers checked their speed, he hurried towards the dwelling of his unconscious protégés.

He arrived at their door as the vesper bell ceased tolling. It was a night for the hovering pestilence—for the flames—for the massacre. A few dull red beams shot from the declining sun, and hung for a while, sullenly, and with a dusky glow, upon the slow, thick clouds that pervaded the sky with a sick heaviness. The very breeze was choked and stirless, and loaded with the effluvia of disease and death. The suburb was deserted. Some of its inhabitants had fled at the commencement of the plague, some were dying alone in their houses, many were festering corpses in the charnels, whilst others were abroad in the city, lured from despair and inaction, like vultures to the carnage, plying the sword, or lighting the fires of destruction, and kindling the wrath of God as the curses and groans of their victims ascended to his presence. Never is man so savage as in the midst of hopeless misery, and at this horrible period, when despair sat in every bosom, it would have reigned there alone, but for the black and bitter revenge which it aroused to break its own leaden monotony, and to wreak its own anguish on other hearts. The silent suburb

bore witness to this truth!—This moment of loneliness was however propitious to Arnelm Lichten, and his loud and hurried peal at their door, brought the Jew and his daughter to learn the cause of a summons so unusual since the prevalence of the plague. 'Father!' said the agitated Arnelm, hastily, 'the multitude have risen. Your nation are accused of poisoning the fountains, and are even now feeding the flames, or satiating the populace with their blood. For God's sake fly while flight is possible!'

'Fly?' exclaimed the old man, his cheek blanched, and his form trembling. 'Fly! O God! but whither?'

'Follow me—trust me, only trust me, and I will save you!' said Arnelm, with increasing energy, for his quick ear caught the distant minglings of the death screams and the savage shout of the exulting murderers, and he feared lest his efforts might at last be fruitless.

'Save us?' echoed the Jew, an alarmed and hurried glance of suspicion crossing his cold clear, black eye, as it fixed on the youth. 'Dare I trust thee? It is a strange tale, and the christians have ever sought our ruin.' And his look grew more troubled, and his gesture more vacillating.

'Hark! listen!' said Arnelm, with desperate energy. 'Do you hear the shout of vengeance? Do you hear that scream? It is a woman's, and yet in her agony it is raised above the roar of the multitude. When did the sunset leave so deep a glow upon the sky? It is the reflection of the fires of death.'

'Listen to the youth, father,' exclaimed Sarah, seizing her father's hand. 'Listen to him! let us follow him! he will save us! The sounds are nearer! O God! it will be too late!'

'Lead on, christian,' said Joseph, firmly. 'God deal with thee as thou dost with us.'

'Amen!' said Arnelm, solemnly, and with rapid steps he preceded the Jew and his daughter. A long and rough walk lay before them, but the mingling shouts and screams grew fainter in the distance, as they proceeded, and Arnelm readily lent his arm to support the wearied form of the trembling Sarah, and spoke with kind encouragement to her father. As the last gleam of daylight faded, they stood before the iron gate of an old and somewhat dilapidated castle. A peculiar ring of Arnelm's sword upon its bars, brought to the door a man, who, after a cautious survey of the party, admitted them, and secured the portal as carefully as he had opened it.



'Young man,' said Joseph, hastily, as the clang of the closing gate rung upon his ear, 'I have trusted thee!'

'And God so prosper me as I betray not the trust,' returned Arnelm, firmly; 'be satisfied—you are now in safety, for no one will seek you here, and the castle of L—— has few visitors.'

Taking the light from his attendant, he led the way across the paved court to a room fitted up with such attention to comfort as was then usual in the houses of substantial citizens, and supplied his guests with refreshments. For these, however, they showed little inclination. The massacre of their people—their own doubtful, if not dangerous situation, threw a gloom and constraint over their minds and deportment. Sarah sat in uneasy silence, and even the habitual self-control of Joseph could not conceal his perturbation.

'You doubt me, father,' said Lichten after a long pause. 'I can in no way lessen this evil, unless by recounting to you my history. It is brief, but it will prove to you that no motive unfriendly to your nation, has prompted me to interfere with your fortunes.'

'My father is the Count Lichten. Devoted to the honors of the world, and yet blinded by an inconsistent bigotry, he destined my elder brother to the inheritance of his domains, and to the glories of war; whilst I, from my cradle, was reserved for the solitude of the cloister, and the pageantry of the church. I was placed whilst yet a child in the monastery of ———, but during the intervals when my father permitted my return to his castle, I found no reason to doubt his paternal affection. On the contrary, as if sensible that some recompense was due me for the worldly delights I was afterwards to renounce, when he rode abroad, in hawking parties, and in all the amusements which occupied his leisure, I was his companion; and when my young hand raised the stud, impelled the bolt, or wielded the brand, he was wont to praise the skill of his fearless son, and compare my boyhood with that of the gallant knights our ancestors, whose histories he delighted to recall. His confessor blamed this encouragement of worldly tastes. The old Count would reply "that knightly exercises were as natural to his race as the free air to the eagle, and he could not check the boy." As he was the liberal benefactor of the monastery the monk was silenced, and I grew expert in the feats loved and practised by gallant knights. The old domestics shook their heads,

and said, "It was a pity to bury Count Arnelm in a cloister." Count Arnelm's own head had long before learned to compare the stirring life of his father's castle with the silent gloom of the monastery, and had manfully resolved never to be confined to the latter. A fitter subject for rebellion was never formed, and I listened with concealed pleasure to an opinion that confirmed my resolutions. My brother Rudolph was noble and gentle, and loved me well; but my mother hated me, and dreaded my father's growing fondness, which she feared might release me from the cell to rival her favorite in field or hall. I had a little blue-eyed sister, who loved nothing on earth so well as Arnelm.

My mother's influence succeeded. The intervals of release from the monastery became fewer and shorter, and I found that my childhood, with its sunny hopes and enjoyments had passed away. I turned in despair to books. He who guided my studies was a learned brother of the order. Reserved and pure, his lessons were at first confined to the information that is treasured in libraries. Gradually we grew more intimate, and the volume was often laid down, and conversation filled its place. I had early learned to scorn the dissimulation and meddling of the monks, but my preceptor was unlike the rest. Feeling and elevated, he had from the first commanded my esteem, and when he began to attack my prejudices, affection was at hand to add weight to his arguments. The period when I was to commence my noviciate as I knew was drawing near. I was, in consequence, sad and musing; and the increasing kindness of Father Julius, for so was my tutor called, in vain sought to lessen my melancholy. Determined to leave the monastery, I felt that I should bear with me the indignation of my father, and renounce my family. Nor dared I hope for the approbation even of Father Julius, hitherto my confident and friend. Whilst reflections like these occupied and harassed my mind, I was one morning rambling alone in the grounds of the monastery, and on a shaded bank, beside a small and sluggish stream, I observed the good monk extended, and apparently wrapt in thought. I approached him and heard him uttering, unconsciously, aloud, the musing which engaged him. His eyes were fixed upon the stream, with a melancholy attention to its slow course, and he did not notice my presence.

"Aye!" he said, "thy flowing is slow and heavy, without even the occasional variety of an



obstacle to excite thy opposition, or to diversify the eternal changelessness of thy progress. The same from hour to hour, pent within these banks, unequal to escape, uncheered by change. Same! same! stirless, almost stagnant! even as the flow of life which in *me* might have wrought good for myself—for others, and which closed in one narrow channel, will profit none. But, unlike *thee*, *I* fret against my limits, nor can the free soul submit to its earthly confines!"

"Father!" I exclaimed, stepping forward, and pausing before him in amazement.

"Thou hast heard me, Arnelm," he said, looking quietly up; "I am not displeased that it has happened thus. Thou, too, art destined to the cowl. Alas, my son, I would tell thee of the ills I suffer; sit down, Arnelm, and hear me. Knowest thou that the day approaches when, by thy father's will, thou art to commence a novitiate in the monastery?"

"I know it," I replied; "but I know also that I am a free man, and so will I live and die!"

"Right!" said the friar, looking into my face with excitement almost equal to my own.

"And how on earth," I asked, becoming more and more astonished, "How on earth did you become a monk?"

"Mine is, perhaps, the history of others," he answered, relapsing into his usual quiet sadness, "could the late repentance of the cloister be made known. My vows, taken in a fevered moment of unhappiness, severed me from the world before an unavailing conviction of my error found its way into my bosom. My house has never known dishonor, and my oath is therefore sacred; but I am utterly, hopelessly wretched! I will, however, *mislead* no one, far less *thee*, Arnelm Lichten. Be firm—resist thy doom, and be virtuous where virtue hath room for energy, in the broad, free world!"

"Yet that world, the brothers' tell me, is full of dangers and heresy!" I said, smiling.

"Aye, dangers, and heresy!—it is their common cant. But *thou* believest them not. Man is thy fellow and thy brother wherever thou meetest him. Ask not his creed, but rather demand his wants, his sufferings, and in alleviating *them* please best the common and beneficent Father. It is said in the book these monks pretend to reverence, that God created all men 'of one blood,' but no where is one man constituted the judge of his fellows. Thinkest thou that he who seeks, with a pure heart, to obey God according

to the lights he possesseth, will be condemned, even if he omit duties deemed by others essential? Believe it not—since God can read the motive. Guide unto truth, if thou canst, the doubting wanderer, but do it with love and mercy!"

"And condemn none!" I added in an acquiescent tone.

"Surely, my son, if they are evil, *God* will condemn them. I hardly think *thy* voice will add weight to *His* sentence."

I joined in his smile, and perchance our conversation might have extended further, but a monk approached to inform me that my father required my presence at the castle. My preceptor exchanged looks with me. Mine promised what his demanded, and I departed.

It was as we had supposed. My father had summoned me to receive his commands for my future life. My mother sat regarding me with gratified hatred, Rudolph was shaken in every nerve, and my weeping sister clung to my neck. I answered my sire's command with a firm denial—my mother's glance with high resentment; but I wrung the cold hand of Rudolph, and pressed the little Frederica close to my bosom.

"Wherefore, father," I said, "wherefore am *I* to be shut from human sympathies? Wherefore to be denied the field of fame, the joys of my age and natural station? Is the spring-time of youth the season to be debarred its blessings, or am *I* fit for inaction—for a cloister?"

"I ever destined thee to holy church," hesitated my father.

"Father," exclaimed Rudolph, seizing this moment of relenting, "banish him not from among us; let us together support thy age, and if one should fall in battle, the other will remain to comfort thee—to uphold our ancient name!"

"Plead not for the ungracious boy!" said my mother, hastily; "he honors not his father, and can never be the stay of his age!"

My father's eyes sparkled. He no longer hesitated, for my mother had touched the right string. He arose and commanded Rudolph to be silent.

"For thee, Arnelm," he said, with a brow that lowered like a thunder cloud, "either obey my will, or intrude no more into my presence!" and thus saying he left the room, too much accustomed to ready compliance to doubt that I would now submit. Nothing could have been more distant from my mind.



"My father's home, then," I said, bitterly, "is mine no longer. Farewell, my mother! God give thee a better spirit! Rudolph, Frederica, farewell!" And tearing myself from the sobbing child, I immediately left the castle. I returned to my preceptor. He heard and approved my conduct. "The world is now before thee," he said; "visit foreign lands—reside in cities—know mankind. Pause, and reflect ere thou adopt a future pursuit. Here are gold and jewels, they will make thee independent. They cannot benefit one who is severed from the world, and rescued from our rapacious order, they will in thy hands profit others. Here," he added, proudly, "here is my father's falchion; use it as I would have used it, for truth and honor." And he pressed my hand and left me.

'Joined by a young retainer of my father's I commenced my journey; to elude pursuit should it be attempted, I traveled under an assumed name, and with Wolfgang only. I arrived at Mentz, and found inducements to prolong my stay. During the prevalence of the plague I established myself in the deserted castle of L—. Thus have I been enabled to assist you; judge if I have a motive to injure you!'

'Thou art frank and generous, Count Arnelm,' said Joseph, with downcast eyes. 'Remembering the condition of my people, thou canst forgive my doubts.'

Readily did Joseph now resign himself and his daughter to the protection of the youth, though not without surprise at a degree of toleration and interest so unusual in a noble and a christian. As days wore on, Sarah became better informed as to the source of both. It is true that Arnelm forebore to disclose his passion, but she could no longer be ignorant of it, when hourly his attentions became more delicate and more marked. At times the variance of their creeds occurred to her, but the thought fled before the voice of Arnelm, and the sigh yielded to the smile with which she sung, at his request, her nation's hymns, or related to him tales of the lands through which she had journeyed. Ere Mentz became again quiet the daughter of Israel loved, and loved a christian. Of this Joseph was profoundly ignorant, for he was already impatient to resume his commercial pursuits, and proposed to venture into Mentz, possess himself of the gold and jewels secreted in his residence there, and to convey Sarah to some land as yet undesolated by the plague. 'If Count Arnelm would accompa-

ny those whom he had not disdained to preserve, they would be honored by his countenance.' With the descriptions of Sarah in his memory, and her beautiful image in his heart, Arnelm could not refuse the invitation of the grateful Jew. He insisted on being his escort into Mentz, as Sarah was fearful and unwilling that her father should yet venture thither. To quiet her terrors they promised a speedy return, and they then left the castle.

Hours passed slowly as the Jewess sat alone in the castle of L—; and as evening approached she continued to listen, uneasily, for the return of Lichten and her father. Sunset came without them, and with nervous restlessness she hurried from room to room, from casement to casement. Wretched and terrified she leaned against an open window, listening breathlessly, but the wind, as it sighed along with a melancholy murmur, bore no sound of their approach. Twilight, darkness, and at length voices, and the ring of Arnelm's sword on the portal! Thither she flew. The attendant Wolfgang had admitted her lover, and the light of his torch fell duskily over two figures, but Sarah could distinguish that of Arnelm, and perceive that the lifeless form he supported, covered with blood, was that of her father. Blood was flowing from the head of Arnelm, and the sword that dropped from his hand upon the pavement was clotted with gore, and without a scabbard.

Wolfgang bore the Jew to a couch, and Lichten stanchd the wounds he had received, and poured water between his lips. Signs of returning life shed a ray of hope on the heart of Sarah, and enabled her to comprehend Arnelm's hurried explanation.

'They had arrived in Mentz unnoticed,' he said, 'and had proceeded to the house of her father, who had at once sought the chamber where his wealth was deposited, while Lichten remained in the room they had formerly sat in during the evenings. He had taken her lute into his hands, and was considering how he could convey it to her, when a scream from Joseph recalled him to his situation. He had hastened to ascertain the cause of her father's alarm. A disorderly miscreant, observing the open entrance, had come into the dwelling, and penetrated to the room in which Joseph was collecting his deposits. Allured by the wealth thus unexpectedly exposed to his rapacity, the fellow had attacked and wounded Joseph before Arnelm



could succeed in arresting his blows. With difficulty he had repulsed the assailant, and though he had himself received a wound, had supported the Jew from the suburb. He had at first walked slowly on with Arnelm's assistance, but when he fainted from loss of blood, Lichten had been obliged to convey him in his arms to the castle.'

During that night Sarah and Lichten watched beside Joseph. For a time he lay groaning grievously, whilst Arnelm endeavored by words of kind counsel, and fond sympathy to support Sarah through the horrors of the scene. After the lapse of some hours the Jew opened his eyes. He was evidently dying. He looked fixedly first on Sarah, then on Arnelm; dimly as the apartment was lighted, the latter saw and understood that gaze. He approached the bed.

'She hath now no other friend,' said the Jew, faintly, and with effort, as Arnelm leaned over him.

'I will never forsake her!' replied Lichten, fervently.

The Jew pressed the hand that had taken his, again closed his eyes, and a long silence ensued. Sarah buried her face in her hands, offering voiceless but agonized prayers, almost without a hope of their being answered.

'Lord! thou hast loved Israel!' at length gasped the dying man, 'Wherefore hast thou forsaken her outcasts?'

A faintly murmured Hebrew prayer aroused the unfortunate Sarah. Her own name, uttered in a voice of intense supplication, reached her ear, and starting from her seat, she fell on her knees beside the bed, trembling with terror, and utterly unable to speak.

'The God of our fathers be with thee,' whispered the Jew, so faintly that his last words were scarcely audible, and as he spoke, he laid his hand upon his daughter's head. The hand extended to bless her fell again upon the couch, and with a lingering benediction upon his lips, the unfortunate son of Israel expired.

Sarah remained for a few moments kneeling, absorbed in the agony of the moment, and unconscious of the event. But when she raised her eyes once more, and was heart-struck with the truth, she started up, and wrung her hands in anguish of spirit.

'Real? it cannot be real! Father, speak to me—only speak to me! Say I am dreaming—say you have not left me! Oh my father, my father,

utter but *one* word, to tell me you are living! Only speak to me—speak to me once.'

But the heart that had never before resisted her voice, was now cold and unconscious, and beat not even for her. And that silence—that awful silence! Oh God! how it sunk upon her heart!

And Sarah remained without uttering another word. 'The iron had entered into her soul,' and regardless of the future, she continued beside her father, not daring to look upon features, which she could not behold again, cold—passionless—dead—and live. And she sat trembling, pale, yielded to her anguish, nor could the voice of Lichten draw from her the slightest word. When, however, the body was to be removed, and Lichten and Wolfgang approached to lift it away, she uttered one wild scream of agony, threw herself upon the corpse, and clung to it with an energy that could not be overcome. Availing himself of this burst of feeling, Lichten suffered its violence to subside, and then by gentle entreaties withdrew her from the apartment.

Days passed on. Sarah was sufficiently composed to listen to the plans for her future welfare proposed by Lichten. He urged his own claims to her regard with all the eloquence that sincerity and affection could supply, and finished by entreating her to unite her fate with his, and with him seek a foreign home. She listened at last silently and with tears, but Arnelm could not perceive that he had made any impression. At last he begged her to reply.

'Arnelm,' said Sarah, 'Hadst thou been of our faith, there had not been this conflict.'

'Shall our *creed* sever us?' said Arnelm, earnestly. 'I will respect thine, and thy nation. Thy father confided in me, Sarah, nor did he find the christian he trusted, untrue.'

'Untrue! Oh! Arnelm, no!'

'Yet,' said Lichten, proudly, 'If I cannot make thee happy, I would not influence thee even for myself. Indicate to me the lot in which thou *canst* be happy, and if mortal man can make it thine, thou shalt enjoy it. And I—I will forth into the world, and no more molest thee.'

This speech utterly overcame poor Sarah, unnerved as she already was by suffering, and her reply to it was a burst of tears. Much touched, Arnelm endeavored, by this soothing and affectionate persuasion, first to calm her, and then to vanquish her prejudices. He promised to return with her to visit the grave of her father. He



promised for her sake to set to others an example of respect for her nation. In short, easily argued into a compliance which her heart advocated, the Jewess consented to become the wife of Arnelm Lichten, and to follow him whithersoever his fortunes might lead him. And with hearts more at peace than they had been for some days previous, they parted that night.

Morning dawned. The sun mounted high in the heavens, and Lichten watched his progress with something of mortification, for it was long past the hour when Sarah was accustomed to appear, and he felt little flattered at her delay on this day. He suffered another hour to wend its way slowly, and then, uneasy and restless, he ventured to approach her door. He was surprised by an invitation to enter. Her voice was calm and sweet, but it struck upon his ear with a melancholy music. He entered. She was lying on a couch, her loose curls hanging upon her white neck. Her cheek was deeply flushed, and the temples her small hand supported, were throbbing with intense pain. Her eyes were heavy and languid, yet a strange lustre mingled with the dullness that now for the first time pervaded them. Her white robe hung in graceful folds around her slight form, and she still looked unutterably lovely. Struck to the heart, Arnelm approached and took her hand in silence. The Jewess wept without speaking, and Lichten dared not inquire the cause of her distress, for his heart was full of forebodings.

'Arnelm,' said Sarah, at length, struggling for utterance, 'Thou hast been kind, very kind to me, and but yesterday I thought to have rewarded thee by a life of devotion, and to-day—alas!'—and the unfortunate girl again wept.

'And why not indulge so dear a hope to-day?' asked Arnelm, soothingly, and pressing her hand.

'The plague!' uttered Sarah, with effort, and baring one beautiful arm, she displayed a small, but deeply flushed spot, contrasting horribly with the smooth white surface around it. The sudden paleness of Arnelm's face met the anxious eye of the Jewess. She shuddered, and ceased to look on him. Arnelm interpreted her thoughts, and answered them.

'I shall be with thee, love. We will live or die together.'

'Arnelm! Arnelm!' said Sarah, now giving full way to the burst of sorrow that threatened to destroy her slight frame, 'I would bid thee fly—

I would bid thee leave me—but I cannot, I cannot die unless with thee!'

'I will never leave thee, dearest,' returned Arnelm, fondly. 'Thou art more mine own in this hour of trial.'

'But to be in *thy* sight the loathsome, the'—and the Jewess could say no more.

'Another love might shrink from the trial, Sarah, my own Sarah,' said Arnelm, pressing his lip to her cheek, 'but earth has no bitterness that I am not ready to share with thee. But you are agitated; this is not well. Sleep, dearest, and all will yet be safe.' The Jewess pressed his hand and closed her eyes, attempting to obey him, but her quivering lip betrayed from time to time the sleeplessness of her spirit. Arnelm continued beside her, but as the day wore on, he perceived that the disease increased, in spite of his occasional attempts to alleviate it. His vigilant eye observed its hasty progress, and his heart sunk within him. He dared not summon such leeches as continued to heal the disorder in Mentz. The Jewess' retreat discovered, he knew that disease would not be suffered to close the lips so precious to him. He knew how painful a fate would be hers, and he remained at her side in hopeless and helpless agony. At intervals during the day, Sarah spoke to him, and such moments were as gleams of light amidst his darkness, but as the shadows of evening fell dimly in the room, she ceased to speak, and Arnelm relapsed into despair. He, her only friend, watched over her, supporting her head, or bathing her burning temples, and uttering words unheard by the unconscious Jewess, who lay in a slumber approaching to stupor. The disease so loathsome, so horrible in others, seemed to spare so pure a victim its darkest symptoms. The plague spot was deep in hue, but not putrid, or festering, and the blood that had for a while gushed from her lips, was bright and florid, and as she sunk into stupor had ceased to flow. Her light breathing, interrupted only by a groan occasionally extorted by pain from slumber, struck upon the ear of Arnelm as the last sounds of animation in one he would have died to save; and as the expiring lamp, about midnight, shot up one keen flash, and left him in darkness, he felt as if the world within him were involved in blackness deeper than that which shrouded the world without.

The stream of air which had suddenly flowed through the open casement and extinguished the



lamp, continued to come coldly upon the hot brow of Arnelm, and drew his eyes to the window. Heavy black clouds were evidently overhanging the heavens with their murky veil, and flashes of keen and fiery lightning played through its dark and cumbrous folds. A night of storms and tempests was foretold.

'And they will waken my poor sufferer,' thought Arnelm Lichten, 'to a full consciousness of our misery !'

But the breeze strengthened by degrees ; the shadowy majesty of clouds began to move slowly across the heavens ; still the fresh breeze plied its wings—stronger, and yet more swiftly, and the mass of darkness, with its rapid lightnings, fled fleetly before its breath. Yet another moment, and the array of tempests had passed away, and the dewy breath of flowers came wafted on the night wind into the chamber, and the moonbeams streamed through the casement, and settled softly on the pure and youthful face of the sleeping Sarah. The light aroused her, and her beautiful eyes unclosed, and their eyes was that of recognition, and one soft hand sought that of Arnelm Lichten, whilst her voice faint, but still 'musical as is Apollo's lute,' came like the sweet song of hope to his heart, for her words were—

'I shall live to make thee happy, Arnelm ! The pain, the fever is over, and I shall yet be thine.'

And Arnelm knew that blessedness, which arises from release from suffering only.

\* \* \* \* \*

Years had passed away. The spring buds were unfolding on the borders of the Black Ford. The young morning, all blushes and dew drops, smiled on the freshness and verdure of the scenery, and early flowers scented the homeward road of Count Rudolph Lichten, and another noble man, who pursued their journey through this celebrated tract of country, engaged in earnest conversation, and heedless of the tales elicited by various spots rendered interesting by tradition, from the different individuals of their suite.

'You lost your brother, you say, in early youth ?' said the younger traveller, as his companion closed a story to which he had listened with much interest. 'Was his departure from the paternal roof previous to the plague ?'

'It was, and that pestilence has, I fear, rendered search and inquiry equally fruitless,' answered Count Rudolph.

'And he has never since communicated with you ?'

'Never.'

'Yet do not hastily conclude that your brother is lost to you,' said the younger nobleman, returning, as he spoke, the salutation of a well-mounted stranger, who, slenderly attended, had overtaken their cavalcade. The stranger lingered irresolutely for a moment, and then said,—

'I believe I must not pass you, without acknowledging that your last words reached my ear.'

'It matters little,' replied Rudolph ; they related only to a brother who left our father's roof in early youth, and whom I have since sought earnestly, though hitherto in vain.'

'Is he dead—this youth ?' said the stranger, whose voice seemed to falter with some sudden feeling.

'Of his fate I am ignorant,' answered the Count.

'Pardon me—I am not impertinently curious. Why left he his father's castle ?'

'He was ever fearless and gallant, and devoted to warlike sports and exercises. Our father designed him for the church, and pressed him imperiously to obey his will. He departed to avoid his doom.'

'And his father ?' said the stranger bending his helmed head almost to his charger's mane, and thus concealing his face.

'Alas, the old man lived to regret his hasty decision, and would have died to recall his son.'

'Lives he yet to pardon him ?' said the stranger in a tone of intense anxiety.

'He sleeps, stranger, forgetful of the sorrows—the wasting cares of life.'

There was a pause. The stranger's head was turned from them, and the Count and his companion exchanged looks of astonishment.

'Hark you, sir stranger,' said Rudolph, at last, 'I have constantly answered questions which perhaps you were not entitled to ask. I now expect from you a like satisfaction. Why this interest in a tale which I think concerns you not ?'

'Behold !' said the stranger, raising his visor and displaying features registered in Rudolph's heart.

'Arnelm !'

'And your brother !' said Arnelm, grasping the extended hand of the Count.

'You have told me nothing of my mother, Rudolph,' said Arnelm, after the first cordial greetings were over.



'She lies beside my father; but she lived to regret her injustice, and to wish for your return.'

'Thank God! thank God! I loved her with all her harshness. And Frederica?'

'Married.'

'And Father Julius?'

'Lives to welcome home the pupil of his love. And you, Arnelm,' said Rudolph, becoming in turn the querist; 'why do I meet you here?'

'I am riding homewards.'

'To Lichtenstadt?'

'No, to my own castle of Landstein, whither you will now accompany me.'

The Count assented, and they rode together, conversing of past days, or drawing their companion into discourse by reference to the surrounding country. A short ride brought them to a castle embosomed in wood, and softened in the character of its style by ornamented grounds, every where indicative of female taste and direction. Two beautiful boys were playing in the court; their dark eyes and curls were evidently the characteristics of a foreign race, but this circumstance was overlooked by Count Lichten when they were presented as his nephews, and when he listened to their soft voices and returned their caresses. But when he beheld Sarah, and noted in her the same indications of foreign origin, he could not suppress his curiosity.

'You have not chosen from our German race,' he said apart to Arnelm, and still regarding Sarah with some admiration; 'where found you this blossom of a southern clime?'

'Her story is romantic, but painful,' said Arnelm, with embarrassment which his brother mistook for emotion even more distressing. 'She is good, and some say beautiful. Will not these win her my brother's favor, even though she comes from another land?'

'O, certainly—undoubtedly!' said Rudolph, good humoredly waving a subject which he perceived to be unpleasant. 'But tell me, Arnelm, were you exposed to the plague? We deemed you its victim.'

'I witnessed its ravages,' said Arnelm; 'and though I have since been a wanderer through many lands, and adventures have not been wanting to diversify my travels, I think few portions of my varied life would more interest a listener after strange histories, than the tale I could tell of the plague at Mentz.'

T. H. E.

A willful man should be very wise.

# THE MOTHER'S CONTRITION.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

Original.

*'Like birds whose beauties languish, half concealed,  
Till mounted on the wing, their glossy plumes  
Expanded, shine with azure, green and gold.  
How blessings brighten as they take their flight!'*

YOUNG.

SHE was not beautiful! O, no!

Not what the world calls fair—

No roses on a cheek of snow,

Beamed through soft curling hair!

She was not beautiful!—and I

Condemned her want of grace;

Nor could I look, without a sigh,

Upon her humble face.

She was not gifted! Nature gave

No poet's soul to her;

Her fingers could not lightly wave

O'er harp or gay guitar.

She was not gifted!—and I blushed

To see my only child,

When others gained applause, sit hushed,

And look so sweet and mild!

She was not graceful! No, her frame

Was bowed with chill disease;

And when amid gay crowds she came,

She never seemed at ease.

She could not dance, and waltz, and walk,

Like other maidens there;

Nor chain a group with witching talk,

And many a graceful air.

O, no! and I have looked with shame

Upon my lowly child!

Yes, uttered many a word of blame,

While she so meekly smiled!

'Mother,' she said, 'God hath not given

To all the same rich boon!

But all are blessed alike in heaven—

And I shall be *there* soon!'

True, gentle being, thou art there!

And now I know thy charms!

Now do I miss thy softened prayer,

And weary for thine arms!

Now do I know how soft thy hand

When pains oppressed my head!

And see thy smile, so sweet and bland—

I see it now thou'rt dead!

My child! my child! look down from heaven

Upon my lonely fate,

And let me feel myself forgiven

For my mysterious hate.

My hate? O, no, I could not feel

Derision's darkest mood;

My heart was not *all* locked in steel—

I felt that thou wert good!

Shirley Village, Mass.



Mortal man must not keep immortal anger.

Nature teaches us to love our friends, religion our enemies.

Never be weary of well doing.

Prayer should be the key of the day and the lock of the night.



## SKETCHES, NO. IN.

Original.

## THE CONTENTED FAMILY.

On the right of the small town in which I was spending the summer lay a wood of considerable extent, although not very dense or dark. Indeed the prospect was rather cheerful than otherwise as you passed through it, the sun darting through the green leaves, and the little water-falls murmuring on every side of you. The city lay but seven miles off, so that it was not unfrequent to see a gay citizen perambulating among the rustling leaves, or wandering by the borders of the pleasant wood; while the villagers delighted to spend a warm evening beneath the leafy boughs, or reclining on the bank of some rushing rivulet in which they failed not to quench their thirst and bathe their heated brows. Beyond this wood lay a wide flat, which was sometimes partially covered with water, and a long bridge, wide enough for a single foot passenger, had been thrown over it. At the farther end of the bridge was a creek of some depth, and then the prospect was bounded by a verdant hill, partly covered by a most lovely grove. So calm and retired was this delightful spot, that the Friends who resided in the neighborhood had sometimes selected it as a suitable place for holding their religious meetings; and at the time when I visited the spot, there were two or three rude benches still remaining, now deserted, and many a rude hand had carved the initials of names and grotesque figures upon the mouldering planks. But the grove was still as beautiful as ever, and the sound of footsteps on the farther end of the bridge could be distinctly heard before the traveler drew sufficiently near to be recognized.

It was this sequestered and truly romantic spot which I loved to visit. On one side it was cut off from approach by the broad flat and creek, save by the narrow bridge; while beyond the grove lay open fields and pastures, with scarcely a house of any description in sight.

There was, however, one house on the premises. At one end of the grove stood a small cottage, which a poor family had been allowed by the owner of the land to occupy. It consisted of one woman, two daughters, and a son not yet old enough to be of any great advantage to his mother.

Strange as it may appear, this family were happy beyond the common lot of mortals. It

was not that they enjoyed a competence of this world's goods. It was not that they enjoyed the friendship of the rich, or that the hand of charity was extended to them, filled with bounties. All that they received at the hand of charity was the right to live in the little cottage. The girls were under ten years of age, and could not, of course, do much for their mother, whose continual ill health required many indulgences with which she was obliged to dispense.

These people were an example to many who, while enjoying a much greater share of this world's blessings, feel themselves poor, and are disposed to use even dishonorable means to procure more. They gave themselves no uneasiness. It was truly remarkable when on a visit to these impoverished people, to see the habitual cheerfulness which they manifested, even when there was scarcely a crust of bread in the house. To a man of the world it would have been fairly startling; but this did not proceed from a forced submission to their lot or from silent despair. It was evident to me, and to every other person whom I have heard speak on the subject, that they actually enjoyed as much happiness, freedom from anxiety and from sorrow, as the most opulent landholder in the vicinity.

I have since reflected on the condition of these people, and have become convinced that we are in the habit of finding fault with the allotment of providence, when it is ourselves, and not the divine Disposer of events, to whom is to be attributed our unhappiness. We grasp for more than we require. We would have everything which the world contains, and still we would remain dissatisfied. We have only to ask ourselves the question whether we have not all that the body requires, and then let us rest contented—for what cometh of more than this is quite as much calculated to beget unhappy feelings, pride, vanity and oppression, as to allay the cravings of our inordinate wishes.

This family were happy though very poor; and those who have great riches might have envied them. But they could easily have made themselves miserable. Had they envied their wealthy neighbors, had they chosen to believe themselves the object of contempt on account of their poverty, they might have become most miserable. But such a thought appeared never to have entered their minds. If a wealthy person crossed them in their paths, the salute which came from them was so perfectly cordial, frank,



and unsuspecting, that he could not avoid returning it as to an equal in station.

It is not to be supposed that such persons were insensible to the high claims which Heaven had upon their gratitude and their love. So far from that I believe that their uninterrupted contentment arose from a firm belief in an overruling providence, and that, in their humble estate, his eye was upon them for good, that he would never afflict them beyond their ability to bear, and that all things would work together for their good.

It was this precept which the mother had taught her children—not as a dry moral tale, but as the practical, real, and tangible truth, verified by the every day experience of life. What should persons who believed thus care for the smiles of the great ones of earth? What should they care for a gilded equipage, for the ornaments and signs of heraldry, the sceptre of power, or the trump of fame? They were the children of a greater king than any which the earth can boast, and were the heirs of wealth unbounded, where moth corrupteth not, and thieves do not break through and steal. LUCIUS.



## POETRY OF WOMAN. NO. VII.

BY C. L. E. NEW-HAVEN.

Original.

## THE POETESS.

'THERE, uncle, I have got the prize! Look! isn't it pretty?' exclaimed little Rose Bertram, interrupting the young editor in his poetic fancies, just as he was successfully pursuing a thought of intense beauty; 'and see! the school mistress has written some verses in it too!—how very neat!'

'And very sweet, too, I suppose,' replied he, not at all irritated by the interruption of his niece. 'Your school mistress, did you say? Ah! an album—"from your affectionate teacher, Alethe Clarendon"—how I hate romantic names!' His own appellation was *Oliver L. Dayton*—his initials O. L. D. But at the head of the 'Ladies' Garland' it stood, O. Louis Dayton; and once the printer was waggish enough to insert an exclamation point after the first initial.

'But, really, these verses are very beautiful. Did your school mistress write them, say you?

'Oh, yes; she writes a great many, Mary says.'

'Mary who?'

'Alison. You know Miss Clarendon boards at her father's.'

'I was not aware of it; how old is she?'

'O. Louis Dayton, not very O. L. D.!' said the witty little one, mischievously. 'Seventeen, I believe.'

'And write like this! I must see her—in my editorial capacity, Rose.' Rose laughed, so did Louis, and blushed a little, too—which was very natural, you know.

'Now,' said the little girl, 'uncle Louis must be so kind as to write me a pretty rhyme close underneath Miss Clarendon's—something about a rose can't you?'

'Oh, indeed, that is quite too much! My hieroglyphics would make a sad appearance beneath these fairy-like characters—not to speak of the literary contrast; I will at least turn to another page.'

Rose laughed again, and ran away to give him leisure. He resumed his pen for a few moments, then turned to the album and the poetry; 'truly very beautiful!' he exclaimed, upon a third reading; then set about the pleasant task of transcribing them for the 'Garland,' prefixing the following editorial note:—'We have *stolen* this exquisite little gem from its *petite* casket, and assure "Alethe" that the exceeding beauty of the article could alone have prevailed over our scrupulous honesty. May we not be assured of forgiveness?'

How felt Alethe Clarendon, when her eye fell upon the page of the gazette containing her little poem? So unexpected, so flattered, so conspicuous, she thought. At first astonished, then mortified, then angry, and at last—gratified! And why gratified? Did she see the wreath of fame weaving for her brow, and hear the enchanting praises of a multitude? Oh, no! had a vision like this passed for one moment before her mind—had she even dreamed of a result so enticing to earthly spirits, she would have gone to her lonely chamber in tears, and prayed for a release. Why, then, gratified? Because she was the daughter of a poor man—because her own labors were necessary for her own provision—because she thought the talents that had long lain useless, might be brought into active and available service. Employed in literary toils, she could pursue her duties at home, could assist the declining steps of her aged parents, could watch over her younger sisters, and teach them



to be pious, and meek, and industrious. For *this* was she gratified.

But pleasing as these dreams of the future were, she could not but look upon them as too bright and blessed to be realized. *She* become an authoress—a lowly, timid, inexperienced maiden, almost a child? To whom could she proffer her services? To the editor of the 'Garland'? He was a young man; her feminine modesty recoiled from making stipulations with him—bartering *poetry* for *money* to one so proverbially fastidious in taste, so romantic in his 'disregard of dollars and cents.' Little do the jostling, speculating multitude know of the trials and sufferings of a young and delicate girl, to whom fortune has been unkind, and who is obliged to go forth alone into the *trading* world, carrying the delicate products of her industry to be underrated by intriguing speculators, and remunerated at any price they please to impose. Long had Alethe been obliged to contend with trials like these; but custom had failed to make them in any degree less repugnant to her feelings. And should the pure sentiments of the heart be bartered for the necessities of the body? The question was one of *feeling*, the answer was one of *reason*—Yes the soul must minister to the clay in part, for its reciprocations are rich and glorious.

Louis Dayton stood one evening among the garden flowers. He was not ashamed that he loved these little eloquent ministers of the truth, he *did* love them—and he had gathered a rich bouquet for a tribute to his sister. Just as he was about to enter the house, his little niece bounded out to meet him. 'Oh, uncle, what a beautiful nosegay! let me have it—do. It is just such a one as I wish to give Miss Clarendon. Mayn't I have it to carry to her now?'

'Yes, if you will allow me to accompany you.'

'O, I will, indeed, and be so glad! You know her, don't you? she sits with the singers in our church, and wears a long green veil always over her face.'

'Pshaw! is that her?'

'Why uncle Louis! you shall not say *pshaw* at my dear school mistress. I guess you will not when you come home.'

'I have a great mind to *stay* at home. I have seen her a thousand times. Why didn't you tell me that was her before?'

'Why, what difference would it have made?'

Louis could not answer. He had always pre-

tended to be indifferent to *beauty*—what nonsense for a poet! He had seen Miss Clarendon's face, and he remembered she was quite plain. He could recall no very distinct image; she usually wore her veil down, and that was sufficient to convince him she could not be remarkably pretty. But he remembered the poetry, and kept on toward Mr. Alison's, leading little Rose by the hand. A group of ornamental trees, now in full blossom, filled the yard and nearly concealed the little dwelling. Rose ran on before, and opened the gate, holding it for Louis to enter. A lady sat on a bench beneath one of the trees, reading. She rose as they approached. It was Miss Clarendon. Rose ran up and kissed her, placing the flowers in her hand, and whispering, 'Uncle Louis gathered them.' The young lady blushed deeply, and Louis thought he never had seen any being look so radiant. Her cheeks were usually pale, and her eyes downcast; they were raised now, brilliant and large as evening stars, and her cheeks wore the sweetest of all roseate hues. Louis approached, and Rose, with a grace and propriety rare in one so young, went through the forms of introduction—'my uncle Louis, Miss Clarendon.' The young editor bowed, smiled, and offered his hand. Alethe received his compliments with considerable embarrassment, and in silence. She invited him to enter the house. The evening was so delightful he chose a seat in the garden; and leading her back to the bench placed himself beside her. Rose ran off to play with her friend Mary, and left them alone. Louis began to apologize for the liberty he had taken in publishing Miss Clarendon's poem. If he had wounded her delicacy by the act, he humbly begged pardon. She must, however, blame herself in part, for making it so very enticing. An ardent lover of poetry as he was, he could not resist the temptation.

Alethe endeavored to thank him; but, conscious that she made but awkward work of it, she became every moment more deeply embarrassed. He saw it, and politely turned her thoughts to another subject. 'I interrupted your reading, Miss Clarendon; pray who was so happy as to engross your attention?'

'I can scarcely answer that question definitely, sir. It was a volume of miscellaneous poetry; the names are not attached to the separate poems, but are all noted in the index. I was exercising my sagacity in detecting style.'

'And were you successful?'



'Rather so. I was at fault once in ascribing a poem entitled, "The death of an Infant," to Mrs. Hemans, whilst in the index it is credited to Mrs. Sigourney.'

'But incorrectly; you are right. The poem belongs to Mrs. Hemans, though I have several times observed it credited to the American poetess. There is an exquisite minuteness of description that you will seldom find in the poems of our Hemans.'

This introduction led the way to other poems and poets, and they progressed so rapidly in their acquaintance that the stars came out, and found them both deeply absorbed over the same book, (we do not say in it.)

'Well, uncle Louis, do you say *pshaw* now?' inquired Rose, on their return.

'Yes, I say it to *myself*, now.'

'I thought so. Isn't she charming.'

'O, Rosy, what a question!'

\* \* \* \*

'Do not write any longer to-night, Alethe. You look pale, weary, sick; and the kind mother bent over her child with an anxious look that won immediate obedience.

'I will not, mother, if you say so; but how I wish this one poem was completed! The academy term commences to-morrow, and Henry so needs books; Mr. Lee would give me the money for this immediately—but, how provoking! it seems as though I had not a single idea in my head. And my mind is continually wandering—I have no concentration. And worse than all, mother, I believe I am in a pet.'

'You are nervous, Alethe. You *have* been ever since your return. Writing does not suit your constitution. You should not allow yourself to become so absorbed in it.'

'O, mother, you would not wonder at my ambition if you knew how exceedingly desirous I am for Henry's education. I wish him to become qualified for college this year—and, to that end, he must not be absent one week from his studies. You know how eager he is. It will be too bad if we fail to provide the means.'

'If *you* do, Alethe. Whatever education he acquires, he will owe it wholly to you.'

'O, no, mother, money is but a small part. Application makes the scholar.'

'And who taught him the value of learning?'

Alethe's modest consciousness did not allow her to reply, and tying on her straw bonnet, she left the poetry to itself, while she ventured out

for an evening walk. It was rather dark, and she preferred the village road to the lane where she usually exercised. She had been home several months, devoting her exquisite talents to constant drudgery for the education of her only brother. She had discovered in his youthful mind the germs of lofty genius; and with a sister's earnest love she had toiled for the means of its development. But she was richly repaid in his rapid and constant improvement. She forgot that fame was binding the rich laurel upon her own brow; she paid little heed to the many compliments that appeared in the literary journals—she only knew that *one* paper, the earliest to encourage her genius, had been strangely silent during her late successes; and she felt how very worthless were all praises since *he* had ceased to applaud.

Alethe had a very susceptible heart. In her short acquaintance with Louis Dayton she had learned to love—but it was with the bitter consciousness that to him she was but a common acquaintance, or, at best, a lowly *protégé*. What else could she hope from one elegant, gifted, and distinguished as he? Nothing; and she had returned to her humble home, determined to smother every tender feeling in severe, unremitted toil. In vain—in vain! Thoughts would obtrude in her deepest study—her mind *would* wander from its task to that one dangerous, forbidden theme—sleep forsook her lids and sorrow wasted away her cheek. Her friends chided her for overtasking herself with study. She smiled, denied, and toiled on still more resolute. Her poetry breathed much of her own heart, and there lay the secret of its mysterious beauty. 'She looked into her heart and wrote;' and from so pure a fountain why should not everything sweet and holy proceed?

We left Alethe pursuing her evening walk. Nearly at the end of her ramble she met a chaise slowly entering the village. It was occupied by a gentleman. Upon observing her he reined in his horse, and inquired for the residence of Mr. Clarendon. How Alethe's heart beat as she recognized the voice! She could not reply—and again the inquiry was uttered and repeated. 'Yes,' at last she stammered, in a scarcely audible voice; 'yes—is it Mr. Dayton?'

'Alethe!' he exclaimed, joyfully, springing from the carriage and grasping her hand with a warmth that called the fresh blood from the 'o'erteeming citadel,' bathing her cheeks and



brow with a beauty all lost in the shades of twilight. Taking her arm in his, he led his horse slowly by the bridle toward the house, murmuring low, soft words in her ear, and winning in return delicious acknowledgments of all he dared to hope. 'Dearest Alethe,' he whispered, 'I have loved you and wronged you. Receive my confession, and then deign to pardon. I believed you were in love with *fame*. The applause you received from the critics of the press, and your frequent appearance before the public in a manner that could not fail to create popular interest, led me to suppose you were influenced by a feverish desire for celebrity; and under this impression the light of your loveliness grew dim. I felt that a heart fluttering in the sunshine of public adulation, would have little of deep, and fresh, and pure affection to bestow upon one so little distinguished as myself. But, Alethe, I wronged you. I acknowledge it—and I acknowledge, also, that never have I experienced a moment of purer gratification, than when, a few days since, I was informed by a friend of yours, of all the noble exertions, and life-wasting toil you were directing to the benefit of another. Believe, me, dearest, I did not know you were poor, or I should have judged you more kindly. Will you forgive me?' \* \* \*

'Aunt Alethe, when I was studying so very hard to gain this pretty prize album,' said Rose Bertram, 'I did not know how many favors my success would impart to you. Perhaps you would never have been so celebrated as you now are, and the wife of an editor, too, if it had not been for some of those weary hours that I spent in study last summer.'

'Very true, Rose,' said Louis Dayton; 'neither should I have been blessed with the most precious of all Heaven's gifts—an affectionate, gifted and amiable wife. So, throughout all worlds and all time, are linked together the operations of God's providence. The influence of every action, however slight, operates through an unlimited extent, and directs, in a degree, the destiny of the most remote being in the universe.'

'I have little desire to extend my influence so far,' said Alethe. 'I seek rather to direct the destiny of the most *immediate* being in the universe—and O, Louis, may it be a *happy* destiny under whatsoever influence it falls.'

'O, the poetry of woman! It is all *love*!' exclaimed Louis, folding the gentle creature to his heart.

Dear readers, our sketches are at an end. Not so the 'poetry of woman.' Thank Heaven, that is as eternal as the *nature* of woman! In whatever state we find her, in whatever rank or capacity in life, in whatever circumstances of fortune, every where, at all times, her *nature* is one of poetry and love. God grant that she may be ever true to it! O, saddest of all moral perversions, is that where woman fritters her virgin affections away upon the vanities of the world, and becomes a *heartless* being, having no unalienable treasure upon earth—no abiding trust in heaven! We have humbly endeavored to show woman what God hath made her, and with this knowledge may she strive to be ever a faithful treasurer of his workmanship—merciful and lowly, generous and faithful, loving all creatures upon this sin-stricken earth, and adoring her Creator throughout all time, with a holy and fervent heart that hath been taught at the feet of Jesus.



#### THE VISIONARY.

Original.

BY MISS N. THORNING.

*'Thy path is not as mine; where thou art blest  
My spirit would but wither: mine own grief  
Is in mine eyes a richer, holier thing  
Than all thy happiness.'*

My soul would wither, and my heart would die,  
To mingle with the world as others do;  
I could not tame my thoughts, nor teach my eye  
The hated lesson, though my spirit knew  
That men would wonder, and the vulgar crowd  
Would gaze upon me as on one whose mind  
Was either lost and wandering, or too proud  
To mingle e'en as others with mankind.  
I could not tame my heart to bow to men,  
Nor list the heartless words they sometimes breathe,—  
Nor could I teach my tongue to speak to them,  
In the soft tones of flattery and praise,  
Which do so often in their hollow ways  
Serve but to cover hatred, and to weave  
A syren charm to lull the trusting heart,  
In its bright dream of fancied happiness.

In waking visions has my life been spent;—  
E'en in my childhood, bright-eyed fancy lent  
To me her magic pencil; and I drew  
Pictures of happiness, and as they grew  
Beneath my hand, I revelled in my joy;  
But soon the brightest hues were sure to fade,  
And then I cast a dark and heavy shade  
Upon the picture, and I gazed on this  
My work, until I found a sort of bliss  
Steal o'er my heart, e'en as the shades of wo  
Grew deeper; and a transport seemed to thrill  
My bosom that I thus had power to show,  
How well my hand e'en at my slightest will,  
Could over all such darkening shadows throw.

And yet my heart is sensitive and quick  
To feel; an angry word, a tone, a look



Of keen reproach, has caused my pulse to thrill,  
 And I have wept, till heart and soul were sick—  
 And then I've gone to where some murmuring brook  
 Has sent its low, sweet tones unto mine ear ;  
 And in each gentle breeze I seemed to hear  
 A soothing music, but so very sad,  
 So soft, and thrilling was the gentle strain,  
 That I have laid me down and wept again,  
 Until there seemed to be a sort of joy  
 In grief, and tears were rapture more than pain !

I would not be as others,—I would be  
 Within a bright creation of my own.  
 Things which give joy to others, are to me  
 As nothing, and that which gives me rapture  
 And a sweet thrill of transport, is unknown  
 To many hearts ; and that same power that dwelt  
 With me in childhood's days, is with me still ;  
 I've gazed on scenes around me, and I've felt  
 A strange deep feeling, a mysterious thrill.  
 Which spoke unto my heart, of coming wo.  
 I have had sorrows, and I have sat and thought  
 Of them, till I have felt that not for aught  
 Would I exchange those holy memories.  
 The voices of the long departed seemed  
 To sound within my ears, their mournful eyes  
 Were beaming on me ; from the far off shore  
 I heard sweet music, such as I have dreamed  
 Was swelling there. O, there's a holy bliss  
 In such deep feelings ; at such times as this  
 I've wept, and then a soft and holy calm  
 Would come across my soul, like a sweet balm  
 Unto the wounded and the weary heart,  
 And strengthened and renewed I could go forth,  
 And struggle with the scenes and cares of earth.

Charlestown, Mass.



## WRESTING OF SCRIPTURE.

Original.

PARTIALISTS often charge Universalists with the crime of wresting the scriptures, in order to suit their own purposes. It is quite natural that this charge should be urged upon us. Firstly, because our belief, which we profess to draw from the scriptures, differs widely from theirs. Secondly, because it is easy to slander an unpopular denomination. And thirdly, because they have so long been accustomed to understand scripture texts in a certain way, that the error has become 'a second nature' to them.

One striking example occurred during my boyhood, when Universalism was scouted as the cousin-german of infidelity ; and I cannot avoid mentioning it, because it may serve to illustrate the general conduct of those partialists who have paid little or no attention to the arguments of Universalists.

I had been in the habit of attending a Universalist church ; and sometimes attempted to defend the doctrines of impartial grace in private conversation. I found a sturdy opponent in an

elderly gentleman, a professor of religion, and a man of no small biblical knowledge and literary research. He thought the doctrine of impartial grace very dangerous, and not to be endured. As I was not then deeply read in the scriptures—being almost a child—I supposed his quotations to be always correct ; and had not the most distant suspicion that he would attempt to impose upon me. Neither do I now believe that such was his intention.

He took me up one day on my Universalist principles, and after censuring me highly for lending an ear to the preacher of impartial grace, said that there was one text in the New Testament, the words of the Savior himself, which could not be explained away ; and he said that when I would answer them, he would be a Universalist himself. He then gave the following, as the most decisive text against impartial grace : 'If ye die in your sins, where I go ye cannot come.' 'So long as these words are in the bible,' said he, 'all attempts to prove universal redemption must be vain. These are the words of Jesus himself, and on them alone will I rely for the truth of my belief in endless punishment for the wicked.'

I must own that I was considerably startled by this text, for I did not doubt that he had quoted it correctly. I did not even attempt to search the scriptures in order to find it, supposing, as a matter of course, that it must be there, if he said so. It did not, however, have the full effect which it was intended to have ; for there was something so abhorrent to my feelings in the doctrine of endless perdition, that I could not, for a moment, give place to it. This gentleman continued, ever after, to quote this text in opposition to my universalism ; and it was not until several years afterward, that I became undeceived in regard to it. All this time, I had taken the word of my opponent, and believing that such was the declaration of Jesus, had been often puzzled with it. But happening, in the course of time, to read the eighth chapter of Luke, I found these words in the 21st and 24th verses : 'Then said Jesus again unto them, I go my way, and ye shall seek me, and shall die in your sins ; whither I go, ye cannot come.'

'I said therefore unto you, That ye shall die in your sins ; for if ye believe not that I am he, ye shall die in your sins.'

I could find nothing more on the subject, in that chapter ; and in vain I looked for the text



which had been so confidently repeated, and which had given me so much trouble, because couched in these words: 'If ye die in your sins, where I go, ye cannot come.' I could find no such text, and was, therefore, led to the conclusion that my elderly instructor had either been guilty of a pious fraud, or had mistaken the words of the text. I perceived that I had been harassed with false scripture for several years, and could only blame myself, inasmuch as I had not, like the noble Bereans, searched the Book for myself to see whether these things were so.

But how clearly was the whole matter made out, when I happened on another occasion to read the eleventh chapter of the same book, ver. 33: 'Little children, yet a little while I am with you. Ye shall seek me: and as I said unto the Jews, Whither I go, ye cannot come; so now I say to you.'

Here are the same words addressed to his disciples, which were addressed to the unbelieving Jews, to wit, 'Ye shall seek me: whither I go, ye cannot come.'

Here he left the matter, as he had done with the Jews, until Peter asked him—'Lord, whither goest thou?' Jesus answered, 'Whither I go, thou canst not follow me *now*, but thou shalt follow me afterward.'

It is worthy of special notice, that Jesus used the same language to the apostles, that he had spoken to the Jews; and lest it should be said that those words meant they *never* could come where he went, it is fully explained in the answer of Jesus to the question of Peter. An argument drawn from the text in question, therefore, in favor of endless misery, is utterly overthrown; and here it is well for us to trace out the workings of my opponent's mind. He had been accustomed to regard a person who died while leading a sinful life, as lost forever. His traditional prejudices had connected the sinner's death with endless damnation. Therefore, when Jesus speaks of dying in sin, and immediately afterward tells them that he is going where they cannot come, he connected the two ideas together; and as often as he had read the text, still supposed it ran: 'If ye die in your sins, where I go ye cannot come.'

But so far from being an argument in favor of endless damnation, it is a very pointed one in favor of impartial grace; for let us observe that Jesus was telling the Jews that they should remain in sin, unless they believed that he was the

Messiah that should come. As he was going away, they would no longer have an opportunity to be enlightened by his instructions. They would die in their sins, because he was going where they could not come. 'Ye shall seek me, and shall die in your sins; [for] where I go ye cannot come.' The partialist, yielding to his prejudices, would interpret the meaning thus—'Ye shall seek me, and shall die in your sins'—*in consequence of which sinful death*, 'where I go, ye cannot come.'

But how could this be the meaning of Jesus, when he says to his own disciples also, 'Ye shall seek me: and as I said unto the Jews, Whither I go, ye cannot come.'

Peter, soon afterward, takes up the Savior on this point, and says, 'Lord, whither goest thou?' Jesus answered him, 'Whither I go, thou canst not follow me now; but thou shalt follow me afterward.'

Now this more than deprives the words used to the Jews of the threat of perdition: Since Jesus expressly declared to the disciples, that in telling them 'whither he went they could not come,' he told them the same thing which he had told the Jews. Still when called upon to explain those words which he had used both to the disciples and the Jews, he says he meant they could not follow him *now*, but should do so *afterward*.

This little example is intended to put inexperienced and young believers on their guard: for where the prejudices arising from a traditional belief in partialism are strong, it is difficult to quote scripture correctly. When scripture is quoted and explained correctly, it is very natural for those who are blinded by the prejudices of a wrong education, to suppose that it is wrested; and had not Jesus, in this instance, used the same words to his disciples which he addressed to the sinful Jews, we should have been charged with throwing a false gloss over 'the plain and direct meaning of the text,' when we explained it as above. We take it to mean as follows: 'I came into the world to save you from your sins, and make you happy in believing. If ye were sincere and upright men, the Spirit of my Father would bear witness in your hearts, that I am his Son. But you will have the advantage of my presence and my labors no more. You will be left in darkness and in sin; and you will go down to the grave in that miserable condition, for I am now going beyond the grave where flesh and blood cannot come.'

BETHA.



## RETROSPECTION.

Original.

NEXT to the enjoyment derived from anticipation is that of retrospection. The former is most fascinating, the latter most solid. To look forward to a state of happiness in this life, never perhaps to be attained, affords much satisfaction; but after all it is prospective. While to call back the scenes of by-past time, seems to put us in possession of realities—realities on which we may meditate with pleasure and with profit.

To paint to the imagination the vicissitudes of our youthful days, the circle of friends with whom we used to associate, the verdant common and the shaded malls to which we resorted for air and exercise, the babbling brook along whose winding bank we were wont to stray, is a source of the most pleasing gratification. Yet higher is the enjoyment arising from the review of a life stained by no fault of a venal character; while in bringing to view the occurrences of lesser note, still faulty in themselves, we may derive from them lessons of experience that shall be profitable to us.

E. W.

## NOTICES.

**NEW VOLUME.** With the present number we close the third year of our editorial labors, and the seventh volume of the work. We are grateful for the aid we have received from our correspondents, the patronage extended in support of the work, and the general satisfaction that seems to have been given. That we have suited *all* we do not imagine; but that we have strove to present our patrons as good a periodical as was in our power, we do know. This has led to the exclusion of some articles sent, and their authors will do us the justice to believe that we are thankful for their contributions though they have not been published. We ask the continuance of favors from the friends of the work, and shall always be thankful for any suggestions in reference to its character from those who desire the progress of truth and holiness.

Arrangements have been made for the new volume which will insure our patrons a superior work than they have received. The present editor does not retire from his office, but has the pleasure to introduce as his associate in the editorial department, Miss S. C. EDGARTON, whose merits as an authoress need not be stated to our readers. We trust that this arrangement will give our friends confidence in the future character of the work, and assure them that its spirit shall be christian, its tone that of an elevated morality, and its whole character worthy the approbation of the good mind. We intend to adapt it more than formerly to the wants of females, make it more a family paper, and worthy the patronage of every female Universalist.

With the new volume we shall commence a series of *Annotations on the Gospels*, commencing with Matthew's, giving a concise account of its history, and commenting on each verse that needs comment for the general reader, and presenting a useful commentary on

the gospels. A prominent part of our design will be to illustrate, as far as we are able, scripture figures and references by eastern manners and customs. The whole intended to furnish aid needed by young inquirers and bible classes. We shall also commence a *Monthly Record*, presenting, in small type, a concise account of all interesting events and items of intelligence connected with our order; furnishing a summary of passing occurrences in the religious world desired in a family religious periodical. Our associate will commence a series of articles on Education, designed to present right views of the importance and proper character of education, and embodied in illustrative tales or sketches. We have also the promise of articles from many of our ministering brethren whose writings are always acceptable, and from several female authors who have not before, or very seldom, appeared before our readers. Mrs. J. H. Scott, Mrs. C. M. Sawyer, Mrs. Broughton, and several others will enrich our columns, while those of the same sex most familiar to our readers will continue their aid—Miss Mary Ann Dodd, Miss Nancy Thorning, Miss E. J. C., of Amoskeag, and Calista, of Hartford, will continue their esteemed favors, to whom we offer our unfeigned acknowledgments of gratitude.

The work will be printed in a style of typographical beauty not surpassed by any monthly in the Union, will be issued punctually, and every effort made to give satisfaction to its patrons. With these views we ask for it the fostering patronage of the friends of pure religion and morality.

'**THE LAYMAN'S LEGACY**; or twenty-five sermons on important subjects, by Henry Fitz, New York. P. Price, 1839.' pp. 406. We acknowledge the receipt of a copy of this work, which contains a large mass of reading on the great controversial questions in divinity, and written in an exceedingly bold and vigorous style. The author is a powerful champion of the truths intimately connected with the doctrine of universal salvation, and speaks of opposing hypotheses with an earnestness that convinces the reader in a moment that he has no sympathy with them. In the introductory discourse, he gives the reader plainly to understand what he may expect in reference to style; '*I wear no mittens*,' is his language; and he proves it by treating the whole matter in question as a frank man treats a subject before a candid mind. There is severity of remark, but no evidence of unkind feeling, for he discusses truth and error, not men and motives. The work is published in a manner highly creditable to the publisher; clear, handsome type, well and beautifully bound, and adorned with a fine portrait of the author, which a friend of ours, familiarly acquainted with him, assures us is 'excellent.' We have not room for an outline of the work, and must commend it to the attention and inspection of our friends, assuring them that the possession of it will greatly enrich their store of religious reading. It can be had at this office. Price \$1.

'**APPENDIX TO UNIVERSALIST HYMN BOOKS.** Compiled by Rev. G. W. Montgomery, Utica; Grosh & Hutchinson, 1839.' pp. 64. There are some beautiful sacred melodies and poems embraced in this little work—some hymns which we prize as among the best in the '*Universalist Collection*,' by H. B. 2d.—and should regard the compilation as being very convenient for devotional meetings as a pocket hymn book.

'**CHRISTIAN FREEMAN AND FAMILY VISITOR.**' We have received the first number of this new religious and family paper. It appears in a good typographical dress. We see in it but little to distinguish it as the organ of a new order of things; and those



who feared the coming of it as a bold advocate for abolition and temperance as those terms are now used, will have no cause to dread it, as the specimen contains no direct argument or appeal on either of these disputed subjects. The articles in the present number are, 'God manifest in Nature, (which should have been credited to the 'Expositor,') 'Conversation on Divine Government,' 'The only Master in Religion,' 'Overcome Evil with Good,' 'Editorial Salutory,' 'Answer to Br. Price of the Union,' 'Value of the Christian Religion,' Poem on the title of the paper, 'Education,' and the usual miscellaneous variety of items, with a story, and an account of the earthquake at Martinique. What there is in all this that entitles the paper above others in the order, to the distinguishing name chosen, we cannot divine. What 'christian labors' it carries farther than those 'already in the field,' is a marvel to our mind. If the Christian Freeman and Family Visitor is to take a decided stand in relation to the agitated questions of slavery and intemperance, the specimen number should have shown it, else it is no specimen, and we are yet in the dark as to what we may expect. The paper is edited by Br. S. Cobb, is published simultaneously in Boston and Waltham, Mass., at \$2 per annum in advance. Direct S. Cobb, Waltham, or Jacob N. Bang, Christian Freeman Office, 30 Cornhill, Boston.

'EXPOSITOR.' We have received the third number of the present volume of this excellent work; it contains six articles with the following titles:—'Why do the New Testament writers so frequently speak of the Destruction of Jerusalem?' 'Suffering the Vengeance of Eternal Fire;' 'The Divine Wisdom overruling Man's ignorance and wickedness for good;' 'Reconciliation to God by Jesus Christ;' 'Sin—its Nature and Consequences;' 'Power of Universalism to Reform the Vicious.' We have only room to renewedly commend this work to the attention and patronage of our readers. George W. Bazin and Abel Tompkins, publishers. \$2 per annum.

'MANUAL FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS; to which is added a collection of hymns; by Wm. S. Balch. Boston: A. Tompkins, 1839.' This is a work which, if used in the right spirit, with a right understanding of its design and application, will be highly useful in our Sabbath schools. Its object is to give a manual for the right opening of the exercises of the school, and to this end there is a series of selections from scripture to be read by the superintendant, teachers, and scholars—the superintendant commencing with a verse, and the teachers or scholars, as the form may be, responding by repeating another, and so on through the exercise; then there is an appropriate prayer and hymn for each service. The design of the work is good, the execution excellent, and the merits of the work commend it to the favorable notice of the friends of Sabbath schools. It has been introduced with good success in the school attached to Br. Skinner's society in this city; the effect was decidedly favorable to a right preparation of the scholars for the duties of the hour. There are 26 different services; several special services—on occasion of the death of a teacher or scholar, celebrations, &c., with a good collection of over a hundred additional hymns.

We ask the attention of those in care of schools to this work; we are certain when once they have it, and understand it thoroughly, they will be much pleased with it. \$217 & 240 per Dozen.

'HISTORY OF THE APOSTLES.' This is the title of a new Catechism prepared by Br. J. G. Adams. 'It is purely historical; having for its foundation the true

scriptural accounts of the apostles—and as often as practicable, observing in its answers the very language of the New Testament.' The histories of Paul and Matthias are added to those of the twelve. It is, we are confident, a work that will be interesting and profitable as a class book in our schools, and as such we commend it to the notice of our friends. A. Tompkins, publisher. \$1 per Dozen.

✍ FIRST NUMBER OF NEW VOLUME. Persons retaining the first number when sent to them as subscribers, are by law holden for the whole volume. We hope this fact will lead to more faithfulness on the part of such as do not wish to continue their subscription another year, than has been practised by many persons in past years. Return the number safely wrapped to this office if you do not wish to be considered a subscriber for the volume.

DEBTORS FOR MORE THAN TWO VOLUMES. Those who, at the expiration of this volume, owe for more than two volumes, will be crossed from our books, unless payment is made immediately, except some with whom we are acquainted, or whose reasons for delay we are satisfied with. We hope to hear from many yet unheard from, and to be assured of their honesty. Some may have removed from where our circulars were sent, and we shall publish the names of all we know nothing of, in hope to reach them and gain our due, or put other conductors of periodicals on their guard against defrauders.

✍ BR. THOMAS F. KING WILL ACT AS AGENT for the Universalist and Ladies Repository, in those places which he may visit during his tour westward; all receipts given by him will be deemed valid by the proprietor; and we hope that many of our friends will embrace the opportunity to send on the payment of their subscriptions, and many new subscribers will hand him their names.

Br. King is also agent for the 'EXPOSITOR AND UNIVERSALIST REVIEW.'

✍ Those who wish to have their Nos. bound in a neat style, can be accommodated by sending them to this office. Price 50 cts.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. We acknowledge the receipt of our friend U. A. P.'s letter, and assure him that the editor knew not of the circular being sent to him; if he had been aware of one being directed to him it would not have been sent.

We acknowledge an article from C. G.—it shall appear. One also from Miss M. A. D., and one from Mrs. S. Broughton, after this number was made up. They will appear in our next, and we hope for continued favors from both. Mrs. S. B. will receive all the back numbers of volume seven, except the first—that we have not on hand.

✍ Br. Grosh—credit Miss Miranda Butler, Shirley Village, \$1 50 for current vol. M. & A., and charge A.T.

~~~~~  
List of Letters containing remittances received since our last, ending April 30, 1839.

A. T., Oil Creek, \$2; W. A. S., Middletown, \$6; W. R. S., Rectortown, \$5; S. E., Belfast, \$2; H. C. B., Levant, \$5; C. G. G., Haverhill, 14; N. S., Ann Arbor, (all is right,) \$23; N. B., East Henrietta, (E. L. still owes \$2,) \$7; N. C., Boylston, \$2; T. H., Wallingford, \$5; A. W. S., Corfee, \$3; J. S., Deer Island, (postage should have been paid,) \$2; L. A. L., Morrisville, \$2; S. P. L., Bethany, \$6 25; A. B., (we discovered our mistake when your money was remitted—the residence was not given. Mrs. L. W., Mount Clemens, owes for two volumes; the \$2 sent pays up to June 1840,) \$2; E. W., Philadelphia, \$4.



# I've heard the forest birds by day.

*Andante Grazioso.*

I've heard the for - est birds by day, Sing to the gold - en,



gold - en noon, And wa - ken on the start-led trees The sleep - ing buds of June; I've



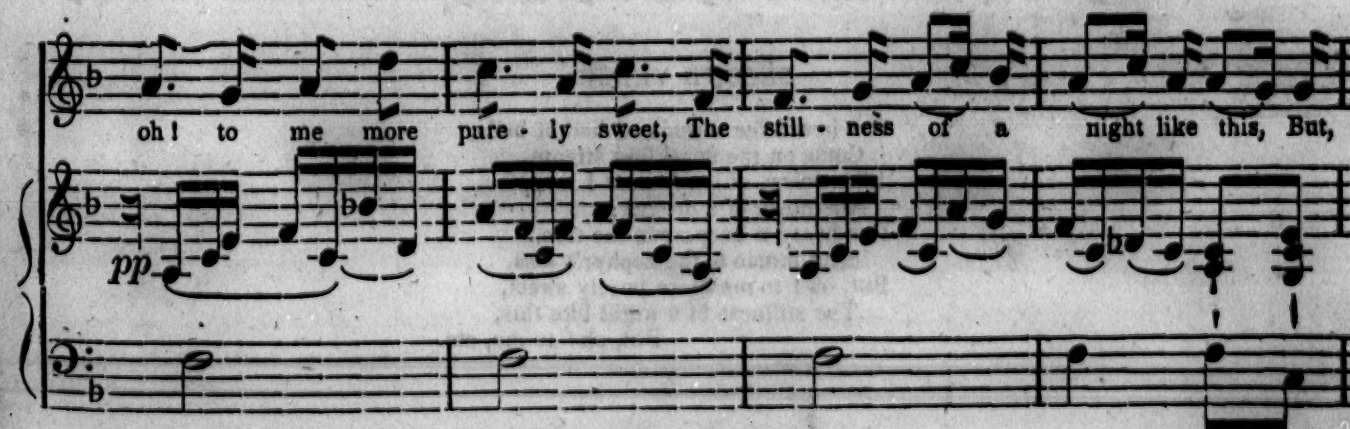
heard the sun - lit wa - - ters greet Their bor - ders with a play - - ful kiss; But,

*cres.* *dim.*



oh! to me more pure - ly sweet, The still - ness of a night like this, But,

*pp*





oh! to me more pure-ly sweet, The stillness of a night like this, But, oh! to me more

*dim.*

pure - ly sweet, The still - ness of a night like this, The still - ness of a

*pp*

*ad lib.*

night like this.

*Dolce.*

#### SECOND VERSE.

I've heard the sounds of distant bells,  
 Come on the sparkling stream,  
 Like voices of the friends I love,  
 Or music of a dream;  
 I've heard a harp upon the tree,  
 Sing music to the zephyr's kiss,  
 But, oh! to me more purely sweet,  
 The stillness of a night like this,  
 But, oh! to me, etc.